The Outlook

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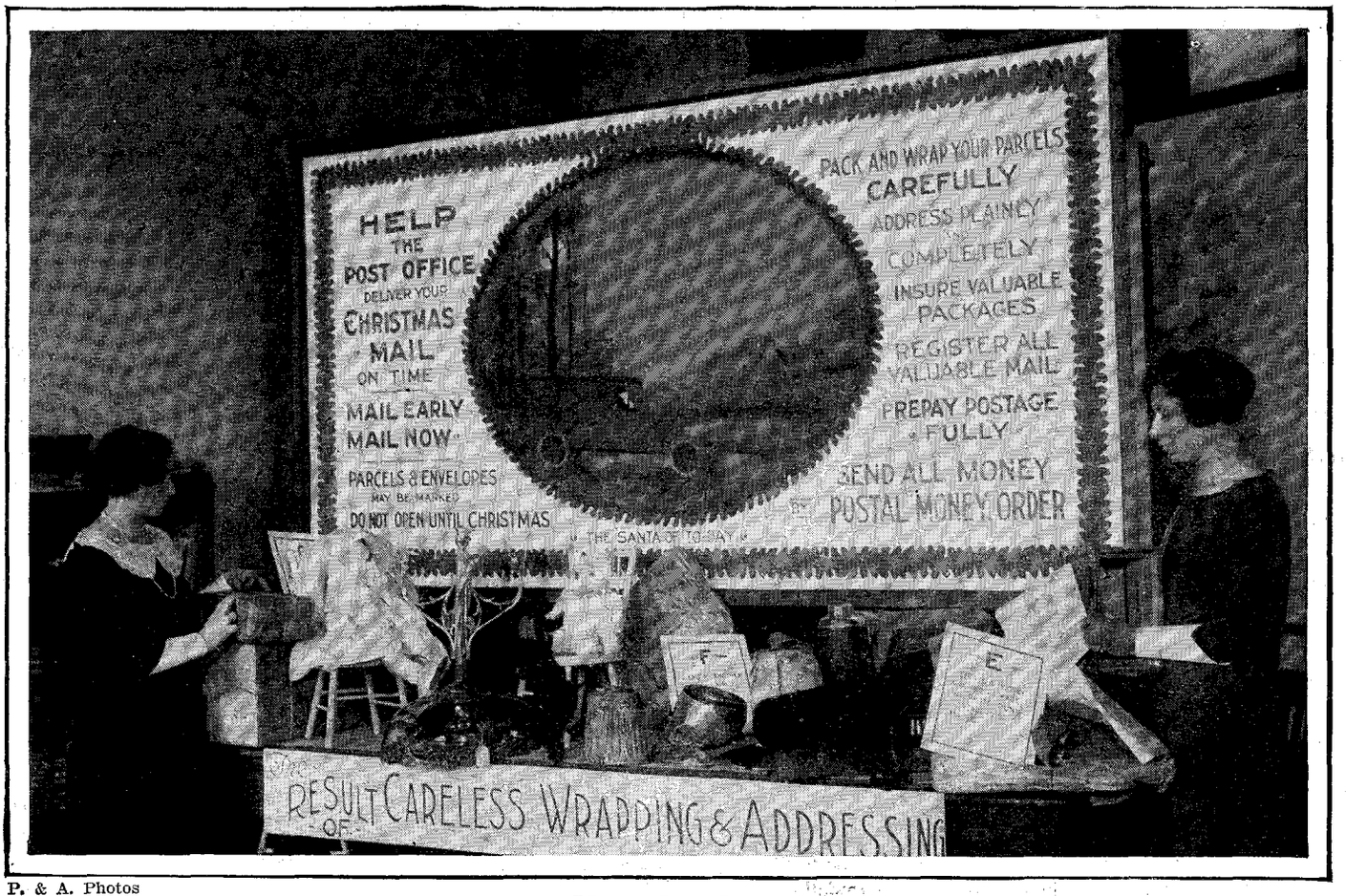
Where Laws Conflict, What?

A NUMBER of income-tax payers were surprised lately to find that they were complainants in legal actions in which they were alleged to have suffered injuries by the publication in newspapers of their income-tax payments to the United States Government. They had no animus in the matter, although in common with hundreds of other Americans whose private affairs have been disclosed to the world at large they might reasonably have such a feeling. They were selected almost at random to test the meaning of the law.

One of these suits was brought against the New York "Herald Tribune." Here, again, the "Herald Tribune" is selected, not because it is supposed to be more lawless than other papers, nor even because it was the first to break the law (if the law was broken), but probably because it was a shining light in the newspaper world, could stand the cost, and was of the Administration's political faith. At least two other papers were brought under indictment besides the "Herald Tribune," namely, the Kansas City "Journal-Post" and the Baltimore "Post." The charge is violation of the Internal Revenue Act in connection with the publication of income-tax assessments. Despite the fact that these suits are amicable and even amiable, they involve important questions relating to the freedom of the press and as to what shall be done when two separate provisions of the law seem to contradict one another. Congress in its wisdom at one time made it an indictable offense to publish income-tax returns; in another act it declared that under certain circumstances all income-tax statements of individuals should be open to "public inspection." If Congress by new enactment can reconcile these two statements, we may have some rule of conduct for next year—this year, in common parlance, the beans have been spilled.

In the cases against the Kansas City "Journal-Post" and the New York "Herald Tribune" the newspapers won the preliminary round with ease and despatch. The cases will be appealed. In the Missouri trial Judge Albert L. Reeves, of the United States District Court, upheld the right of the "Journal-Post" to publish the income-tax payments. Part of his decision went to the root of a great Constitutional principle. The First Amendment forbids any abridgment of the freedom of the press. Judge Reeves declared that if the present revenue law did actually provide (as the Government attorneys in this case asserted) that newspapers must not print tax payments already made public, then the law was a clear violation of the First Amendment. If the Supreme Court



P. & A. Photos

Uncle Sam Says

"If you want Christmas stockings to be filled with something besides headless dolls and gifts that have to be assembled like a picture puzzle—mail early and pack well." The exhibit above was prepared by the New York Post Office to show how Christmas presents should not be sent

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supports Judge Reeves's view, there is nothing left of the attempt to penalize newspapers for printing the amounts. Another point made in Judge Reeves's decision was that the prohibition against publication referred only to publication "not provided by law." It might be held, he thought, that the amounts paid as taxes were part of the returns and that the law might be considered to make a special exception in the case of this part of the tax returns, and that thus the two enactments might be made consistent through the theory that it is legal to publish the amounts paid but not the whole of the returns. This part of the decision is a little technical. What the Supreme Court would say about it is a matter of moot opinion.

The Postal Salary Bill

THE bill providing increased pay for practically all employees in the postal service, vetoed by President Coolidge on the last day but one of the session of Congress which ended in June, is on the unfinished business calendar of the session now beginning, and may come to a vote early in the session on the question of whether or not it shall be passed over the President's veto. The Federation of Postal Clerks and others desiring the success of the bill are confident that it will receive the votes of two-thirds of the members of both houses, necessary to enact a vetoed bill into law. There is, apparently, ground for their hope in the fact that the bill originally passed the Senate by a vote of 73 to 3 and the House by a vote of 362 to 6.

There is a strong feeling among the people at large that at least some of the postal employees have harder work and smaller pay than is right. This should be remedied, but it should be done by a right method and in such a way that the final result would be to grant higher pay where it is justly due, but no increases where such increases are not due. It is more than doubtful whether the present bill conforms to this description. As it stands on the calendar it provides for a uniform increase of $300 a year in the salaries of practically all postal employees except postmasters appointed by the President. A flat increase all around is neither just nor desirable.

Behind these objections lies the general principle that Congress should leave the administration of each department, including the adjustment of work and wages, to the head of that department so far as possible. The stockholders and directors of a corporation do not attempt to control the details of the business; they appoint an executive, and he in turn depends upon his heads of departments to spend wisely the money allotted to each for that part of the business. Whenever Congress attempts to say how much, for instance, John Jones, postal delivery man in a small town, should have, and how much James Smith, postal delivery man in a large city, should have, it is almost sure to muddle the matter. Probably that accounts for a good deal that is wrong about the present pay and work of postal employees.

The country will welcome relief and justice for any and all postal employees who are not fairly treated; but time enough should be taken to insure the preparation of a sane, sensible, and discriminating bill.

The President in Chicago

ON his visit to Chicago, which he made immediately after his annual Message was read in Congress, President Coolidge made two speeches. One was delivered at the International Live Stock Exposition, the other before the Chicago Commercial Club.

At the Live Stock Exposition he spoke of the farmers' problem. Henry Ford would remove all live stock from the farm and trust apparently to synthetic milk, synthetic meat, and synthetic manure; Mr. Coolidge, on the other hand, recognizes the development of live stock as a measure of farming prosperity. When he was a boy in Vermont, he said, "a farm was described, not as containing sixty acres or eighty acres or a hundred acres, but as a ten-cow farm, or a twenty-cow farm, or a thirty-cow farm." It was this sense of the relation of live stock to the whole agricultural problem that led the President to make a general survey at the time of the agricultural condition in the United States.

His speech ought to be made available to every farmer in the country. As the President said, the farmer needs most of all to know "the truth about himself and his business." We wish the Government might utilize the Post Office more as a distributing center of information on all subjects, but particularly on agriculture. Every post office in the country ought to be a sort of information center, where farmers and others could learn what information is available, and apply for it.

In the other address, which was the first of the two to be given, the President made clear what many Americans seem not even yet to know, that the Administration is not pursuing a policy of insulation. Frankly saying that he would not sacrifice any part of our prosperity in the vague hope of helping others in worse condition than ourselves, or risk independence or court disaster by "mere unorganized, undirected generosity," in the vain hope of helping those who will not help themselves, he stated explicitly: "We can no more assure permanent and stable peace without co-operation among the nations, than we could assure victory in war without allies among them."

Millions for Higher Education

GIFTS of the rich for public purposes are often the measure of profound popular interest. In the Middle Ages the cathedral stood as the symbol of the highest spiritual concern of the people—the salvation of their souls from the pains of eternal retribution; those people, noble and peasant alike, willingly bore on their backs the building stones for these great churches. It was to these churches, then, that the wealthy gave of their treasures. To-day in America education stands as the symbol of the hope of the people in their future. It is for the building and support of schools and colleges that the people, well-to-do and poor alike, bear most willingly the burden of taxation. It is therefore to the cause of education that the greatest donations of the wealthy seem in our day to be most naturally given.

Significant, therefore, of the spirit of our times are the gifts announced last week of Mr. James B. Duke, whose large fortune has been made through the tobacco trade and the development of water power, and of Mr. George Eastman, the head of the Eastman Kodak Company. In all more than $50,000,000—probably considerably more—will be distributed, mainly among educational institutions, as the result of the public spirit of these two men.

Mr. Duke has created a trust fund of about $40,000,000, over half of which is to go ultimately to institutions of higher education. Six millions are for a university in North Carolina to be known by his name. If Trinity College, Durham, in that State, will take his name, it will be the recipient. About two millions are to go to Davidson College in North Carolina, two millions to Furman University, South Carolina, and about a million and a half to Judson C. Smith University, a Negro institution in Charlotte, North Carolina. The rest of the

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Desolate and left

(Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Scene 4)

Fields in the Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette

A good time will be had by all

From Elwood C. Capwell, Jr., Wyalusing, Pennsylvania

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

Bulldogs for Britain

From Catherine Hutt, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark (N. J.) Evening News

This bird can't hatch them

From J. H. MacArt, East Orange New Jersey

Cargill in the Binghamton Press

Another sun!

From Almena Dean, Nichols, New York

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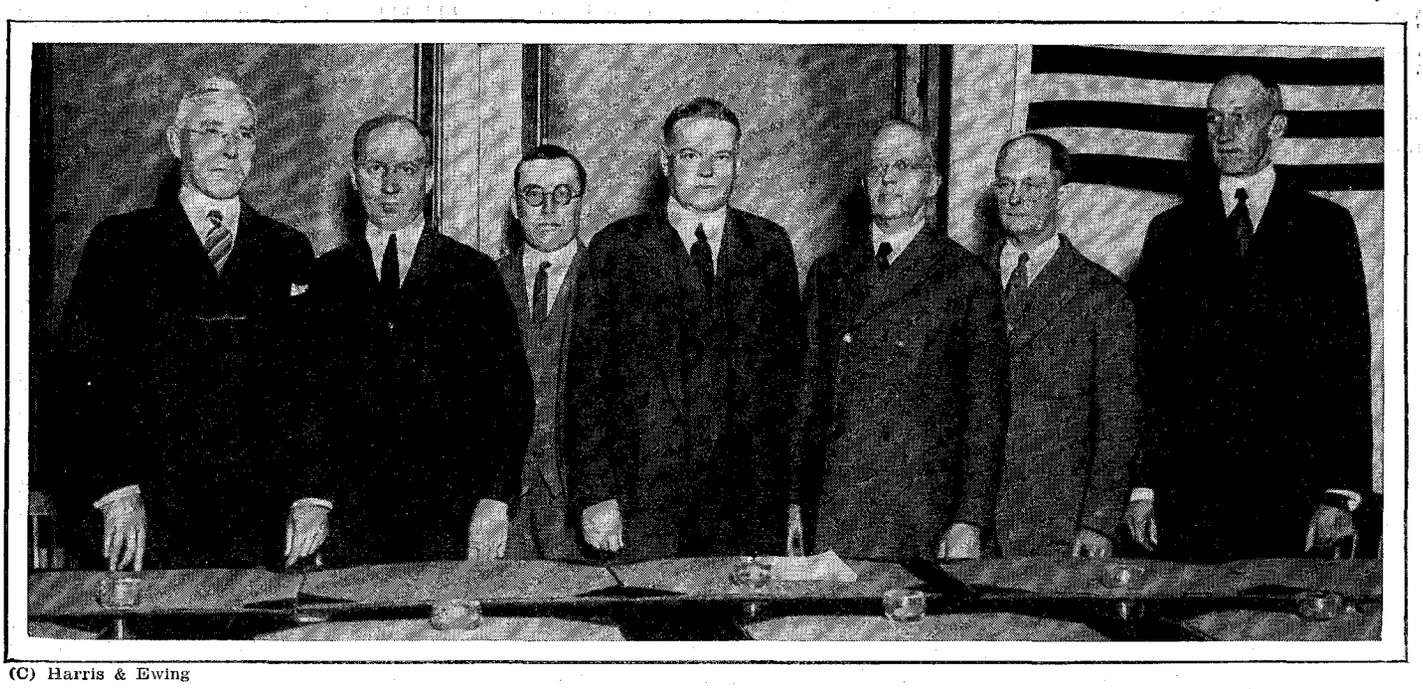

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The joint Engineering Board of Canadian and American engineers on the St. Lawrence Waterway Commission in session at Washington. Left to right: General C. H. Mitchell, O. Lefebvre, D. W. McLachlan, Secretary Hoover, Chairman; General Edgar Jadwin, Colonel William Kelley, Colonel G. P. Pillsbury

fund is designed for hospitals, orphanages, and churches.

Mr. Eastman's gift includes $8,500,000 to the University of Rochester, $4,500,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a million each to Hampton Institute and Tuskegee Institute. In an announcement to the employees of his company Mr. Eastman said that in disposing of the bulk of his stock in the company he had safeguarded the stock that had recently been distributed to them.

The Greatest Need of the Army

GENERAL PERSHING as his last official act before his retirement submitted to the Secretary of War a report on the condition and needs of the Army. This report is far from being a formal official document. It is a strong and clear discussion—one that may and should be read with interest by all citizens. Through it General Pershing has rendered a notable service to his country.

One point upon which emphasis is laid in this report is summarized in the phrase, "The most vital need is increase of the Air Service." During the war naturally there was a patriotic exaggeration of the amount of service done by American planes. The report points out that no American plane was flown in battle until August, 1918, and that only six hundred American planes were sent to the front before the Armistice. This simply indicates that this branch of our military service requires long preparation. The attention of Congress is called hereby to this vital question.

There are other important and interesting things discussed in General Pershing's report. One is the belief that the danger of poison gas in future warfare has been exaggerated. Another is the remark that "the infantry still remains the backbone of the attack, and the rôle of other arms is to help it reach the enemy." The need and value of training camps are shown. The importance of bringing up overseas garrisons to prescribed strength is urged.

General Pershing recognizes a favorable change of sentiment throughout the country toward the acceptance of the doctrines of preparation and an intelligent National defense policy. Such reports as this are an inestimable aid to the continued improvement of popular morale in this matter.

The St. Lawrence Waterway

THE recent meeting in Washington of the Joint Board of Engineers, St. Lawrence Waterways Project, brings definitely nearer the beginning of actual work to make of the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the connecting streams a highway to the sea for the United States and Canada alike, from the middle, almost, of the continent.

The main obstacle to agreement of the engineers and of the Governments, as was pointed out by The Outlook some time ago, was the question of withdrawal of water to the American side at Chicago and diversions of water, more largely to the Canadian side, at Niagara. Canada insisted that withdrawal of water to the American side through the canals of the Chicago Sanitary District ought to be studied. The United States replied that if this were to be considered diversions at Niagara should also be studied. Canada's answer was that the water withdrawn at Chicago is never returned to the lakes, but goes down the Mississippi to the Gulf, while water diverted at Niagara performs its function of power generation and is then returned to its natural course and flows down the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic; that the two things, therefore, are not on the same basis and should not be considered together. The agreement reached by the engineers at the Washington meeting is on the basis of the Canadian demand. The withdrawal at Chicago will be studied; the diversion at Niagara will not. The United States, of course, participates in the diversion at Niagara, but to a much smaller extent than does Canada. Diversions to the Canadian side amount to 32,500 second feet; those to the American side only to 20,000 second feet.

The agreement reached by the engineers, three Americans and three Canadians, now goes to the State Departments of the two Governments for approval. When—and if—it is approved, instructions will be issued to the engineers to go ahead with the work.

It is humanly certain that every effort will be made from the American side to

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have actual work begun as soon as possible. President Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the United States St. Lawrence Commission, are keenly and actively interested in speeding up the machinery. Nor is there any reason to doubt prompt action on the part of Canada.

The German Elections

With from nine to twelve (according as one counts and classes them) political parties in Germany, the result of the election held on December 7 is necessarily complicated and open to varying interpretation. Our correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert F. Baldwin, in correspondence written shortly before the election, gives elsewhere in this number of The Outlook a review of the political situation and of the party divisions.

It may be said that the result, while not a sweeping victory of any kind, is encouraging as regards the prospect of moderation; that it will be helpful to German leaders who approve of the Dawes Plan; and that it is a pronouncement against the extremists of both sides. Thus the representation in the Reichstag of the Communist ultra-radicals has fallen off by fourteen votes, while at the other extreme the representation of the imperialists—and that means chiefly of General Ludendorff's so-called Pan-German Party—has decreased by eighteen.

Chancellor Marx will not find himself in command of a majority through any single party. It is possible, theoretically, to imagine all sorts of combinations in the Reichstag, but some of the combinations thus theoretically possible are practically absurd. It is said with apparent soundness that the four parties known as the Socialists, Centrists, Democrats, and either the German People's Party (Stresemann's group) or the Bavarian People's Party will be able to combine their votes whenever it is necessary to support the integrity of the Republic and probably in the more important questions of policy.

This result may therefore be taken as an indirect indorsement of Chancellor Marx and President Ebert and as a check to the noisy but not dangerously numerous extremists on the left and right of the political line in the Reichstag—in other words, the black or reactionary and the red or Communistic ends of the line.

The strongest single political body in the Reichstag representation will now be the Social-Democratic Party.

The Hoarded Wealth of India

India has presented many curious problems, not the least of which is her perpetual accumulation of the precious metals. At the moment this national trait is emphasized by the fact that, while gold and silver have been flowing in upon us in an embarrassing stream, India is the only country to divert a part of that stream, and also import gold and silver directly from us in considerable quantity. Recently India drew from us $1,760,000, in a single gold shipment, and last year she took 36.7 million fine ounces of silver, double the amount forwarded from the United States during the previous year.

Ordinarily we could afford to pass over these transactions without special comment, but they take on a peculiar interest when it is remembered that in all probability none of the gold and silver we send to India will return. In this respect our case is not only duplicated by other nations, but, go back in time as far as we may, we find that India has always been a world harvester and hoarder of the precious metals. Further, when we consider that India is so poor a country that education can be given only to the few, while a great number exist on the border of starvation, this accumulation of gold and silver would present a strange anomaly were not the products, climate, and popular customs taken into account.

India has always been able to export a surplus of valuable raw materials, and until recently world-famous hand-made textiles. But, owing largely to the hot climate, hitherto her needs from foreign markets have been almost nil. Hence a trade balance in her favor payable in the precious metals. Accumulation of this incoming wealth went on for the reason that, except for the upbuilding of costly palaces, temples, and tombs, development of the country remained in abeyance. The furious hand of repeated conquerors, internal wars, religious prejudices, caste restrictions, have each operated to restrict progress. Indian capital, then, with little encouragement to work freely, presumably took the natural course of seeking hiding-places or being beaten up into personal ornaments as preferred security. Recent accumulation of this idle wealth is shown by figures which report that, while in 1906 the hoarded wealth of India stood at $1,800,000,000, to-day it is computed at $2,500,000,000, an increase of $700,000,000 in seventeen years. Incidentally, it has also been stated that there are 1,263,000 goldsmiths in India working day and night in thus reducing her capital to uselessness.

What is the remedy? Aforetime India's treasure and numbers were periodically reduced by the onslaughts of invaders. But since the peace of Britain has reigned, the hoarded wealth and population have increased at the same time that such beneficial works as railway and irrigation systems were being constructed by British capital. It would seem, then, that until the Indian mind can be induced to aim for a higher standard of living, better housing, clothes, food, and sanitation, more modern agricultural if not industrial methods of reproducing wealth, Indian capital will continue to hoard itself, and possibly become a serious question in the future.

A Century of Independence

Ayacucho, like Waterloo, is a little place, but it has given its name to one of the turning-points of history. It was there, high in the Peruvian Andes, that the last battle against Spanish rule in South America was fought. It was the culmination of fourteen years of struggle in various parts of the southern continent of America against the proud nation which in earlier days had sent forth Pizarro and Cortez and others on their conquests. It marked the virtual termination of Spanish colonization in the Western Hemisphere and the beginning of independence throughout all of South America. It is the centenary of this battle which the republics of Latin America have been celebrating. Beginning on December 9, the anniversary date of the battle, at the scene of the battle itself and continuing for a number of succeeding days in Lima, the capital, and other cities and towns in Peru, the celebration has drawn together representatives of many nations of the world, including Spain herself.

The United States is fittingly represented by the military commander of the American forces in the greatest war for liberty the world has ever known. General Pershing went to Peru with the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. In the special mission are two members with the rank of Envoy Extraordinary, these being Rear-Admiral John H. Dayton, U. S. N., and Frederick C. Hicks, former member of Congress

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from New York. General Pershing has two military aides.

Peru's preparations for the celebration included displays and fêtes of many kinds, historic pageants, military and civic parades, and public demonstrations of rejoicing.

Gene Stratton Porter

MRS. GENE STRATTON PORTER, novelist and naturalist, died on December 7 in Los Angeles from the effect of injuries received in a collision between her automobile and a trolley car.

The author of "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost" was also the author of "Homing with the Birds" and "Friends in Feathers." The reason why many thousands of readers liked her novels, despite the obvious faults that made literary critics scorn them, was her own deep love of outdoor nature, with which she imbued her fictitious characters. The people in her novels might alternately gush and preach, the plot might be puerile, and the sentiment might be exuberant, but the characters were usually simple and honest and good-natured, and when they took us into the woods we felt through them the author's knowledge and love of outdoor things. The nearer she got her boys and girls to nature, the better was the book; the more she led them into artificial social life, the poorer the book.

There are many who have had more pleasure from Mrs. Porter's "Homing with the Birds" than from any or all of her stories. She was an expert photographer, and didn't mind waiting for days with Indian-like patience to see just what she wanted to picture and tell. This book was exactly described in our review columns as a near-at-hand talk about bird home life by an intimate friend of the birds.

The Lame Duck Congress

SOMETIMES an epithet will succeed when argument fails.

If there has been anything clear to the politically thoughtful, it is that the survival of an old Congress for months after a new Congress has been elected is an anachronism. There was reason in this when the fastest means of transporting both news and people was horseflesh. Once on a time news of the people's balloting had to be conveyed either by courier or stage-coach to the centers where the results were compiled; then the results had to go to the people by the same slow method; then by the same method the electors were supposed to gather together in their several States and deliberate; and then, still by the use of horses, in many cases plowing through snow-drifts and fording streams, the official results of the electors' voting had to

International

Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter

be conveyed to the Nation's capital to await the deliberate action of Congress. Of course a new Congress could not be ready there to receive the results. For three-quarters of a century, however, we have been living in an age of railways and telegraph; and yet, so conservative a people are the Americans that we still hold fast to stage-coach methods after entering the age of the airplane and the radio. Reason has been showing the need of a change. Perhaps what reason has failed to accomplish ridicule will. Somebody has called the Congress that survives an election a "lame duck Congress." Perhaps Congress will seek to rid itself of the stigma of this sobriquet, and will undertake to put itself *en rapport* with the twentieth century.

There is now before Congress a proposed Constitutional amendment which, if adopted, would change the date of the assembling of a newly elected Congress from December, thirteen months after election, to the preceding January, about two months after election. By the same amendment the inauguration of the President would be changed from March 4 following election to a few days after the assembling of Congress in January.

If this amendment were in operation, the "lame ducks" that are now letting legislative eggs get cold under them would occupy the nest at Washington only until next January—if indeed they would be asked to sit after election at all. As it is, in the ordinary course of events, the Congress that was elected last month will not assemble for nearly a year. Meantime until next March the Congress that aroused the scorn of the people and was thoroughly rebuked at the polls remains in charge of National legislation.

It is hard to get lame ducks to shoo themselves off their nests.

It would almost seem as if self-respect in members of Congress would lead them to provide for their own retirement after they had received so vigorous an invitation from the people to leave their seats.

That the election has had a salutary effect on Congress even before effecting a change in its personnel is evident at Washington. At present it looks as if Congress were to be less obstreperous than was expected generally and more productive of legislation.

Of course it will be charged with the task of providing the means of carrying on the Government. It will have to pass the regular appropriation bills if it performs even its most elementary duty. There are other measures, however, which it may enact.

It will probably do something about Muscle Shoals. The chance that it will adopt any plan for Government operation, except as a last resort in case no offer for private operation is made and accepted by July 1, is remote. The bill with the best chance of passage is the Underwood Bill, which, though written before the President's Message was, reads as if it had been based upon it. It provides for guaranties that the Muscle Shoals plant shall be used primarily for the manufacture of nitrogen for making fertilizers in times of peace and making explosives if the devil ever breaks loose again and plunges us into war. Men who do not wish the Underwood Bill to pass predict that it will. The public should be on guard against permitting Congress to do what it threatened once to do—allow the lease of Muscle Shoals to extend for a hundred years. Whatever we do, we have no business to tie the hands of future generations in that way.

Congress will probably stretch out its wing and hover the agricultural co-operatives. What the provisions of the bill for the promotion of co-operative marketing will be when passed cannot be

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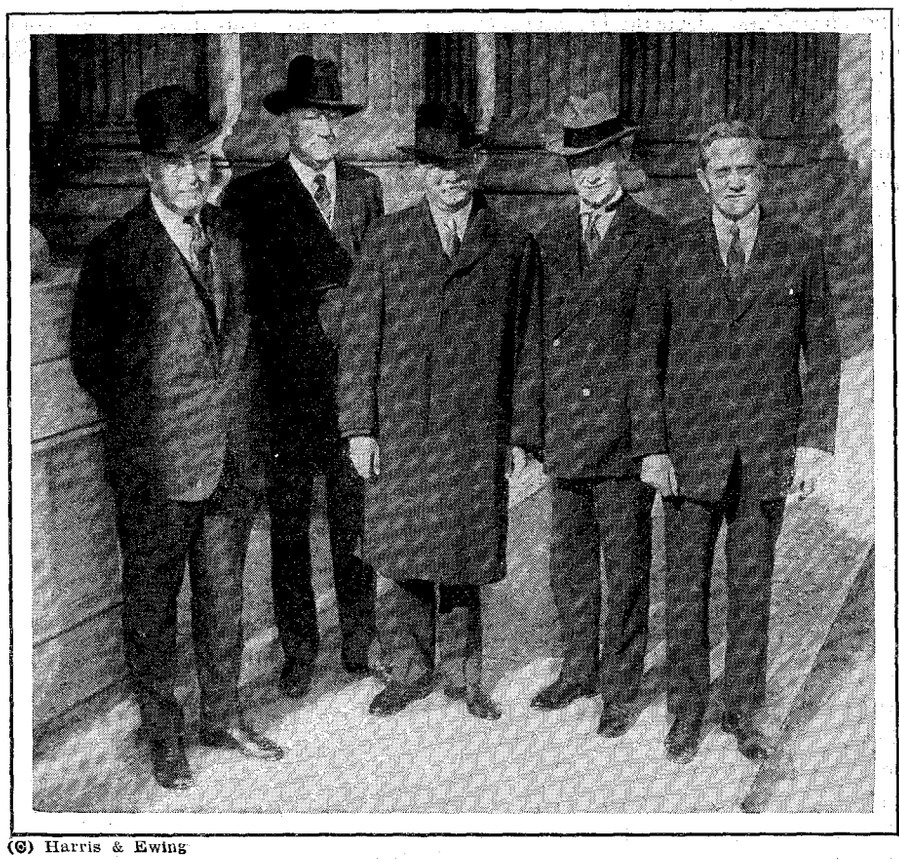
foretold, but some kind of co-operative marketing bill will probably, as even men who do not want it believe, be passed by Congress and approved by the President.

Congress may make some effort to pass a branch banking bill, and possibly a bill to regulate radio.

Whatever Congress does beyond the routine, however, will be done out of shame rather than out of conviction. A "lame duck" Congress is not likely to be very competent, because it is not really representative. The American people are good-natured and put up with inconveniences and impositions which are quite unnecessary. A Congress like the present one is quite needless. The people ought to get rid of "lame duck" Congresses altogether.



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After the Republican Senatorial Caucus—Left to right: William M. Butler, new Senator from Massachusetts; Senator James Watson, of Indiana; Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, elected by the caucus as Senate leader to succeed the late Senator Lodge; Senator J. H. Metcalf, from Rhode Island, succeeding the late Senator Colt; Senator George H. Moses, of New Hampshire

The Washington Sewing Circle

THE city of Washington finds Mr. Coolidge parsimonious. He saved the public money, it seems, and declined to take a private car on his trip to Chicago. It is said at the White House that the President did not oppose a private car until it was discovered that the railroad, in addition to the fee for the car, was about to charge additional fees based on the number of persons occupying the car, and that this number was fixed at about twice the number of those who could actually go in it! Then the President decided to travel as if he were merely Mr. Calvin Coolidge.

He did so. He went and came in comfort and safety, and if he found his stateroom too warm at night (as most of us do), if the porter during the dark hours covered Mr. Coolidge's boots with a mixture of tar and glue (as porters are wont to do), or if there were cinders in the ice-water at breakfast, no complaint has come from the President about it. A number of persons think he should have guarded his dignity and security better; that the President has a difficult job, and that he ought to look out for himself and keep in good condition.

But Mr. Coolidge will, very likely, go on being Mr. Coolidge. He preaches economy—and he practices it. (His critics call it cheese-paring.) He has never led the career of a millionaire, and he finds it not only hard but impossible to begin such a life. Would we not criticise him even more severely if he suddenly began to cut a dash?

Does it matter greatly what Washington thinks of any President? It sees Presidents at close quarters, but often with rather blurred vision. It judges them with the eyes of milliners, caterers, and gossips. The whole country, as a Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, remarked, is too apt to look upon a President as Sir Galahad on inauguration day, and as Benedict Arnold on election day. Washington thought Mr. Roosevelt "brutal" and noisy; Mr. Taft too complacent; and Mr. Wilson too cold and austere. It mocked the Hardings because they said they were "just folks," and the Coolidges for simplicity and economy. Mr. Roosevelt talked too much; Mr. Coolidge doesn't talk enough.

Would it be advisable to let a President keep his individuality? While Mr. Roosevelt was being denounced for his "imperialism" and supposed regal ambitions he was driving about Washington in a very simple carriage, wearing an old overcoat and a slouch hat, and looking much like a comfortable Dutch burgher. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were a handsome and brilliant-looking pair, in a fine limousine; the President fairly radiant in his shiny topper and well-tailored clothes. During the recent campaign it must have struck many observers with amusement that the leader of the so-called party of privilege and plutocracy was a little country lawyer who spent his vacations pitching hay on a farm—not a new occupation taken up for political effect, as his opponents intimated, but a matter of lifelong custom. And the candidate of the party of the "plain people," the follower of Jefferson and Jackson, was accustomed to wear fine clothes and to live among the fashionables of one of America's sportiest sections. What of it—aside from the humor which dwelt in the situation? Nobody seriously thought that either man was posing or insincere. There would have been humbug in it only if Mr. Coolidge had suddenly appeared at Chevy Chase in "plus fours," or if Mr. Davis had bought a pair of overalls and commenced to rake in the meadows sweet with hay.

Would it, perhaps, be sensible to let our Presidents be themselves, and not to fuss too much about their methods of traveling, eating, drinking, and sleeping? Would it be well to guard against the standards by which the city of Washington judges a President? For those are, too often, the standards of the "society reporter," the political gossip, and some-

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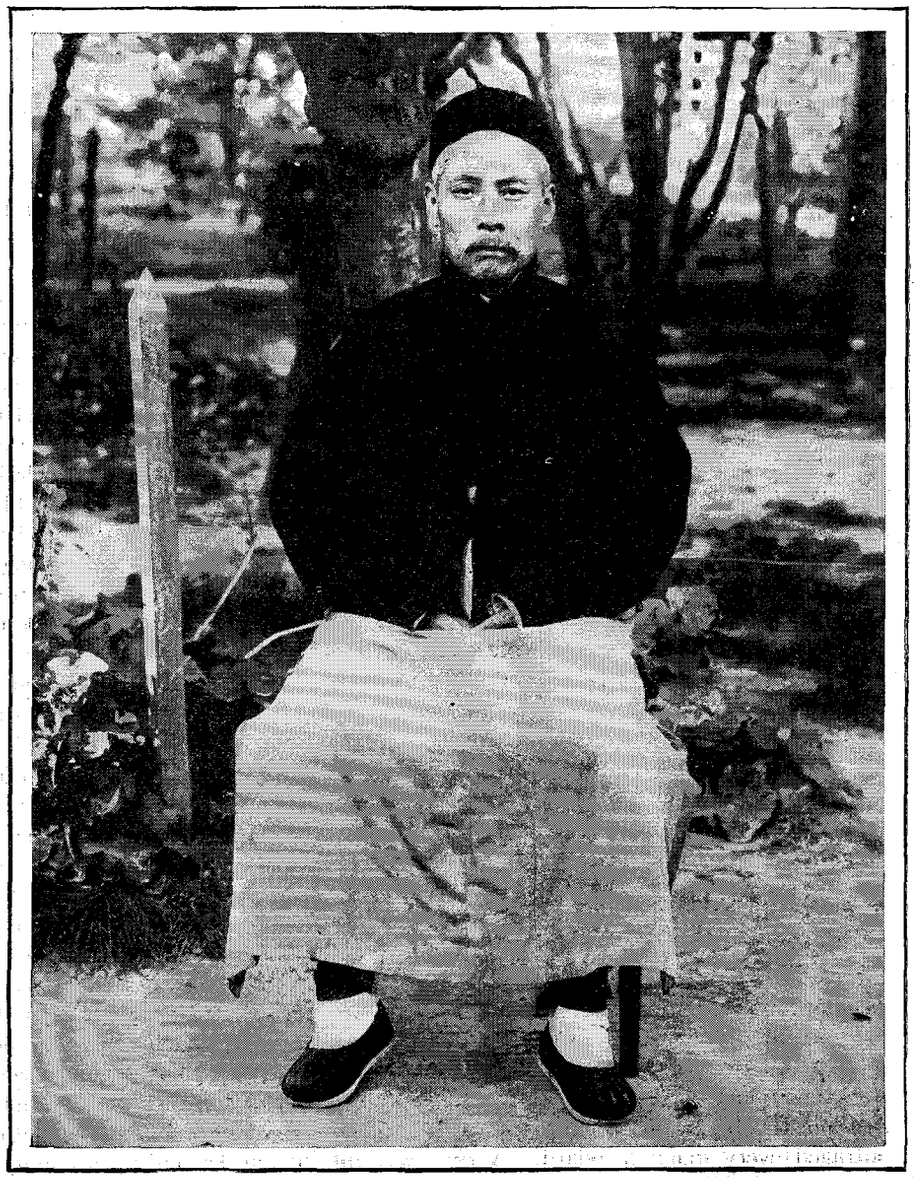
times the trivial and malicious dealer in scandal.

Other Countries, Other Customs

IN reading in this issue of The Outlook the special articles on Italy and China, Americans should keep in mind the fact that in each case there is a political background quite different from that of their own country.

In China there is nothing that corresponds to our own Federal Government. To millions of Chinese what happens at Peking is a matter of indifference. On the life of the masses in China a change in the occupant of the Presidential palace produces no practical effect. Indeed, the change from a so-called empire to a so-called republic produced no such change in China itself as such a change has always produced in Europe. In one sense what has been going on in China has been a civil war, but to call it such is likely to give a wrong impression to the Occidental mind. In China administration is predominantly local. So far as the people are concerned, government can scarcely be said to extend beyond the province. Peking is nothing more than a symbol, and a device for dealing with the foreigners. If there were no Powers to stave off or hoodwink, Peking would be nothing. Perhaps ten per cent of China's people—the upholders of constitutional government, the leaders in China's intellectual renaissance and the student movement, and the new business men of China—these alone envisage China in national terms.

In the twelve illusory years of Chinese republican government there have been six cycles of revolution. It is only possible, not certain, that this seventh revolution portends more than the redistribution of the balance of power between military satraps. There may be in it some possibilities for China's masses.



P. & A. Photos

Tuan Chi-jui, China's new President

If it means anything more than other moves in the game played by the supertuchuns, it is largely due to Feng Yu-hsiang, famous "Christian general." Marshal Wu, scholar and gentleman, had defeated Chang Tso-lin, but, according to Chinese political etiquette, failed to follow up his victory. General Feng, apparently disgusted at the consequences, withdrew his forces from Wu's side and seized Peking, with its *opéra bouffe* government carried on under Wu's patronage, and started house-cleaning. Having put Tuan Chi-jui, ex-Premier and leader of the pro-Japanese "Anfu Club," which was ousted from Peking in 1920, into the Presidential Palace as "Chief of Executive Power," Feng has apparently not tried to continue the game in his own interest, but has dropped quietly into the background.

This change may mean nothing directly for the Chinese masses, but it may mean an opportunity for the Powers. What has made it impossible for the Washington Conference treaties to be carried out has been the lack of a real national authority in China. If, as Feng's action seems to indicate, there is now in the Tuan Government the beginning of such an authority, the Powers may be able, if they will, to allay Chinese fears of foreign control and help China to her feet. They will be wise if they do so, for lack of statesmanship will let China drift toward Bolshevist Russia.

What has happened in China, therefore, is of more immediate concern to the rest of the world than it is to China itself.

In Italy what has been happening is equally unlike anything that could happen in America. Italy's unification has been complete, but it has been secured by methods to which Americans are wholly unaccustomed. The rise of Mussolini into power seems to us in this country almost revolutionary; and so it was in a sense; but it was not essentially abnormal in Italy. We could not imagine a Mussolini in power in the United States, but we could not imagine conditions in the United States which made a Mussolini necessary for the preservation of real government. If, as our Rome correspondent says, Fascism has lost its hold, it is because it has for the time being, at least, done its work. If it is true, as the Italian opponents of Mussolini say, that "Fascists have made public life impossible and physically unsafe," it is equally true that what the Fascists rescued Italy from was a condition in which

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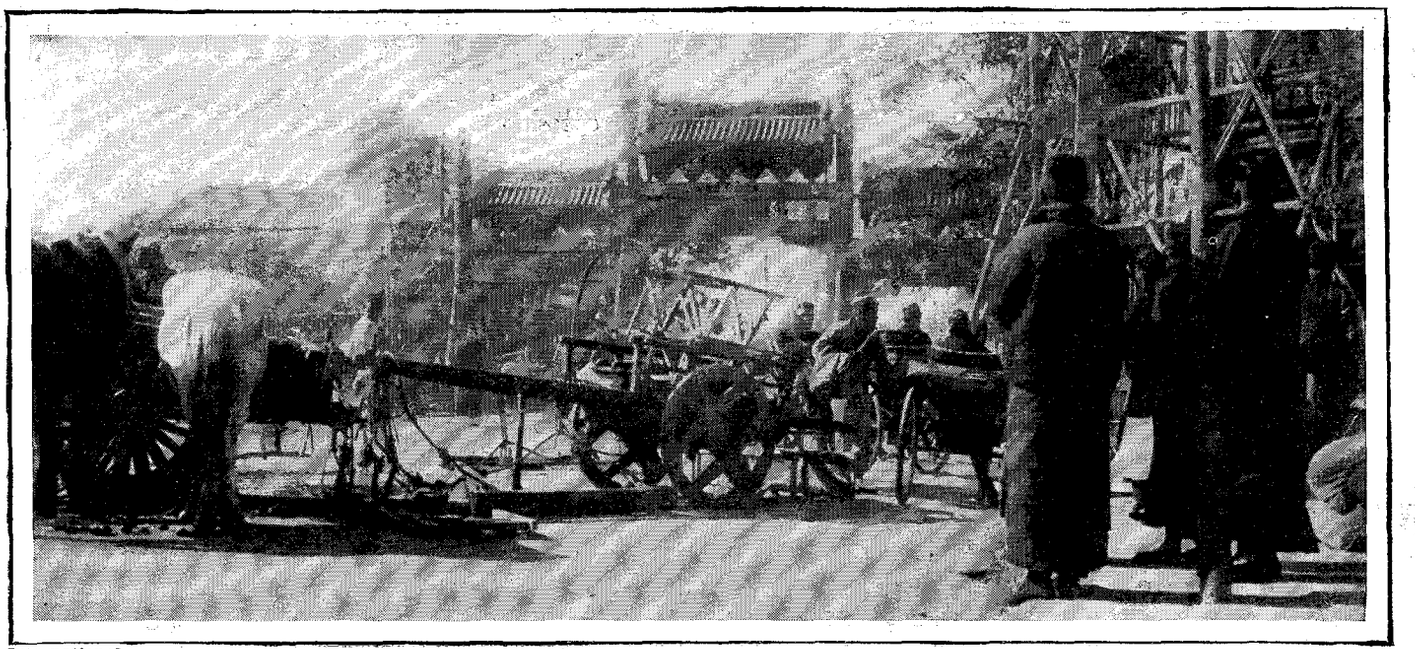


International Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang barricades the President's Palace in Peking to prevent the escape of President Tsao Kun

the economic life of Italy was fast becoming impossible and political life contemptible. Mussolini's proclaimed adherence to the cynical philosophy of Machiavelli would not make him an acceptable political leader in the United States, but it has not prevented him from rendering imperatively needed service to his own country and his own people. There are some who, however violently they may disagree with Mussolini's view of public life, will regard the accession of Giolitti to power as the triumph of political doctrines and practices not one whit higher.

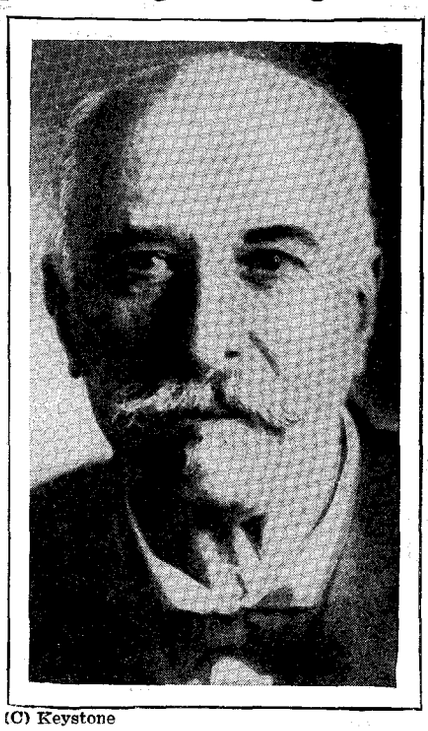
The Ebb of the Fascist Tide

By Our Correspondent in Rome

The wave that swept Mussolini into power draws back from the beach. It carries with it the wreckage of broken promises, graft, arrogance, and organized oppression

WILD stories have recently appeared in the American press, announcing the imminence of an anti-Fascist revolution. The inventor of these romances generated such enthusiasm for his theme that he printed an order, which certainly never emanated from the Italian Admiralty, for the fleet to proceed to the "French frontier" and prepare to repel an invasion of Italian exiles. Ludicrous though this story is, it could never have been printed even by an editor sitting five thousand miles away from Italy had not the air been full of reports of the decline and approaching fall of Fascism; and these reports are entirely accurate.

Fascism has lost its hold on the country and is profoundly unpopular. It cannot last long; and though its fall will be postponed for a few months, and will not be a dramatic affair, nor accompanied by more or less civil war, nor succeeded by a Government of those lusting to revenge the insults and oppression of the last two years, that fall is certain.



(C) Keystone

Signor Giolitti, who may return to power with the fall of Mussolini

The Spotted Lamb

THE main reason for so absolute a swing over of popular opinion, which has occurred within a period of six months only, is that Fascism, which pretended to be an unspotted lamb, has outraged every moral standard. A régime which promised a purer, saner, and juster Italy stands convicted of self-seeking, graft, arrogance, and organized oppression upon an unprecedented scale. Fascists claim and occupy every lucrative post. Young men who started two years ago with nothing have become enormously rich by inspired speculation. Every sixteen-year-old boy in a black shirt walks the streets stating that Italy, Rome, and the whole world belong to him, and the forms of oppression are so varied that they can be described only by giving examples.

There is, first, the intimidation by violence of political opponents, which takes sometimes the mild form of a beating with sticks, or the breaking up of a procession on Armistice Day by the firing of revolvers; sometimes the extreme form of murder, as in the case of Signor Matteotti, in which the Prime Minister's own entourage and one of his closest personal friends were implicated. Secondly, there is local intimidation, as, for example, at Molinella, where it has for long been impossible for any non-Fascist to obtain employment, and where the local Fascist leader was allowed to terrorize a whole countryside, with a warrant for murder out against him, for over a year. Thirdly, there is the intimi-

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Keystone

Ex-Premier Orlando

dation of the press by means of a decree which gives the provincial prefects power to seize and suppress newspapers at their sweet will. And, fourthly, there is the national intimidation, which consists in the appointment of a special commission by the Fascist Party to recommend amendments to the Constitution with the avowed purpose of "conquering the state for Fascism."

These causes sufficiently explain the opposition of all classes from the intellectuals down to the poorest of the poor, and why it is that the only persons who really support Fascism are the officials and the 300,000 Blackshirts whose livelihood and prestige depend upon it; the big industrials, who have the whip hand under a régime wherein strikes are not allowed; and the big financiers, who are having a merry time on a Bourse which is in a wholly unnatural state—a perfect speculator's paradise. And to these causes for which Fascism is justly blamed must be added one for which it is not responsible, but which exercises the most profound effect upon the masses—a rise in the cost of living of fifteen per cent, with no corresponding rise in wages or salaries.

A Plague on Both Houses

This massive opposition is as yet imperfectly organized.

One curious feature of the situation is that, though the country hates the Fascists, it is not turning back to the Socialists, whom the Fascists overthrew, and is seeking, not for some one to revenge it upon the Fascists, nor for some one to restore the system which produced feeble and vacillating Governments, but for some one to give it peace from all extremes. The official opposition—a coalition of all those who have opposed Fascism from the beginning—must therefore be carefully distinguished from the popular opposition, which it only partially and imperfectly represents. It includes the Socialists—except the Communists—under Turati and Treves; the Liberal Constitutionalists under Amendola; the Social Democrats under Di Cesaro; the Populars, nominally under a triumvirate, but really still directed by the famous Don Sturzo; and the Republicans. All these parties have formed a joint committee, and have refused to attend Parliament. They declare that the Fascists have made public life impossible and physically unsafe, and call for the holding of new elections under a new and *ad hoc* Government. The best of their leaders are excellent, notably Amendola and Di Cesaro; and all possess a local influence which, in the sum, is considerable.

But there is little agreement among them except a common hatred of Fascism quite as bitter as Fascism's hatred of them. Naturally, popular support crystallizes round them as the official champions of anti-Fascism; but they will not form the succession Cabinet, for their forces are too equally divided and their fundamental constructive policies too divergent for them to make a stable Government; and many of them, particularly the Socialists, have been too closely associated with régimes as discredited in the past as Fascismo is today.

The Allies Desert

Until a fortnight ago there seemed to be no satisfactory way out of the *impasse* caused by the mutual rigidity of both sides, but then currents in the lake of the popular opposition became sufficiently defined to form recognizable streams leading to the ocean of a solution.

First, the Combattenti, or ex-soldiers, a somewhat inchoate organization 800,000 strong, were sufficiently outraged by the Fascist attacks during the Victory celebrations to pronounce a qualified hostility to the Government. They are not unanimous by any means, but the net result of their feelings is that a number of Deputies are looking away from Mussolini instead of towards him. Next, the Liberals of the Right, hitherto the allies of Fascism, openly divided into two camps, the one under Signor Salandra clinging to the Government, but with one eye on a possible reversion of their office; the other, under Signor Orlando, definitely hostile. Both these persons are

P. & A. Photos

Ex-Premier Salandra

ex-Prime Ministers and very much to be reckoned with. Finally, on Saturday last, Giolitti, the veteran Liberal, eighty-three years of age, six times Prime Minister, and head and shoulders above all other living Italian statesmen, in a five minutes' speech in the Chamber, declared that he should vote against the Government.

Here is the way out, and it is recognized as such; for the significance of the event is crystal clear. Mussolini cannot continue to govern with a Chamber composed only of his own supporters. Debates become soliloquies, and legislation a farce. He must therefore hold an election, and he cannot very well hold it himself, for he has no one whom he can trust. He will therefore resign. The King will send for Giolitti—a very familiar proceeding; and a Giolitti-Orlando Cabinet will hold the elections.

Fascism will probably be beaten, but it will remain a political party; there will be no violent or dangerous reaction, and Italy will remain with all the excellent material reforms which the Fascists have effected, all the sanity which an experience of two extremes has engendered, and without the exasperating immorality of a single dominant clique.

Nisi Imperasset

So ends Fascism as a self-styled Revolution, and as a self-esteemed revelation from on high. It may have a future as a political party, or it may peter out, and Mussolini end as he began—a Socialist.

In this moment of his trial and difficulty one should not forget that he has done good service to Italy, even while one rejoices at the failure of his utterly false political philosophy.

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It is a thousand pities, from its own point of view, that Fascism ever tried to govern.

Had it remained as a purge of the body politic, and not tried to swallow its patient, all would have done it reverence; as it is, its epitaph must be that written by Tacitus for the Emperor Galba, *"Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset"*—"All would have said he was capable of reigning had he never reigned."

The German Elections

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

See on another page report of the result of the elections held since this correspondence was written

"A WAR of revenge will come sooner or later." So prophesied a German official to-day at Mülheim. "It is nonsense to try to prevent a great nation from preparing for war. If it does not prepare in one way, it will in another. Pure patriotism, let me tell you, Herr, inspires us Nationalists—the desire for justice as well as the desire for revenge. We are not hotheads, except when we think of our Ruhr, occupied till next August!

"The restoration of Germany's prestige as a military and commercial Power, the restoration of the German unity we need in the person of an Imperial monarch—these are the aims of the Nationalists. We make no secret of them; we openly wave our proud old Imperial black-white-red flag and scorn the Republican black-red-gold. We must wait, possibly, but we shall win—in the long or short run."

Think of pro-war, monarchist army officers and governmental functionaries administering a Republic's affairs! The official proceeded:

"For the present, do not forget us discontented government servants. We are serving the present administration as well and as long as we can, but we shall starve without a salary increase. This is our chief immediate interest in the election of December 7 for members of Parliament." There will also be a simultaneous election for the Prussian Diet.

"But there are other issues and alternatives," the official continued; "among them not only (1) War or peace, and (2) Monarchy or Republic; but also (3) An eight or ten hour work-day; (4)Less or more taxation; (5) Protection or free trade on foodstuffs—despite the Government's promises, the cost of living is now higher than ever, the battle being between producers and consumers; (6) Repudiation or acceptance of the London agreement concerning the Dawes Plan."

Experience since the May elections has shown that no Cabinet could be formed containing a stable majority, hence the necessity for a new election. "Two elections this year; it is intolerable!" exclaim many Germans. Well, in my opinion, there is something worse—the continuance of the present power of reaction at one end and of demagogy at the other. Of course, extremes ought to become less marked, given the new conditions due to the operation of the Dawes Plan—a German borrowing, floated on the international market; the establishment of banking and currency reform and of an international railway corporation; the stimulation of industry; the end of the Ruhr occupation in sight; and, above all, a generally saner state of mind.

Of all parts of Germany, the Duchy of Baden, from Heidelberg to Basle, has always seemed to me peculiarly worth while. Nature has made this high hill country, crowned with its Black Forest, a region renowned even in Roman times for physical health as it is for mental vigor—one notes that latter in the Universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg.

Yet in the large towns I have been surprised to find practically no indications of an approaching election. Posters are principally noticeable by their absence. To-night I did not see one during a long walk in this city of Freiburg. But the people have opinions just the same. As to war, I heard the following to-day from a worthy burgher at Badenweiler in reply to my query as to what he thought of General Ludendorff:

"Ludendorff, say you! Please, no word in his favor. He was a big general in the war. He now rattles his saber in peace time and expects the same result. No, that comes not, no matter how he brags in his hysteria. Even some Nationalists blame his garrulity. Out with him! He has been a menace; he is now a laughing-stock. He typifies, just the same, our greatest present peril, the spirit of revenge. He and his motley following continually stir up that spirit. In the sacred name of patriotism they excite the Fatherland to a war of revenge for our defeat in 1918. We are not spiritless, but these men, at a time of German prostration, are incredibly callous militarists. And the militarists together with the war profiteers, we do not forget, are responsible for the years of death and also for the further years of want, darkening millions of our homes."

This opinion tallied with that of a priest I met in a fourth-class railway carriage (for most Germans are too poor to travel otherwise). He said: "We Germans have much in both Church and State to do. For that effort we need peace. Another war? What will that mean? Ruin to any normal work in Church or State. It is not that Germans are afraid to fight if necessary. No one accuses Germany of that. But it is not necessary to fight—not now, anyway. What, then, is the means to gain freedom? In the words of our Chancellor's motto, 'Through *work* to freedom!' He added, as I remember: 'A force policy? No! It is no shame; on the contrary, it is a proof of patriotism courageously to endure the results of a lost war and to aid in the recovery of our Fatherland. Our liberty we cannot recover by vain and ridiculous menaces in our state of weakness. Hence it is a crime against the German people to preach a new war.' "

"You like your Chancellor, then?" I remarked, with a certain assurance, as both priest and Chancellor belong to the same communion.

"Yes, indeed," answered my companion; "Dr. Marx is a Christian man and a clever man and a courageous man. There is a winning combination for you! Yet withal so modest is he! a man uninflated by rhetoric. Also tenacious. A year as Chancellor! That is something in these times for the Fatherland."

"How about the Presidency?" I inquired. "He has some chance there, has he not, when your President retires?"

"He has the best chance of any one, in my opinion," replied the priest. "Our present President, Herr Ebert, a Socialist, has tried to be—and is—no mere party leader, but the spokesman of all Germany. And this is the more remarkable, it seems to me, in view of his birth and environment. However, Germany, I feel, is moving away from the Social-Democracy towards what I would call a middle policy. Dr. Marx, an abler man than his immediate predecessors or

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than Herr Ebert, consistently represents that policy and is, anyway, the kind of man we want.

"As he said the other day, his Government is ready to co-operate loyally with the League of Nations. The League, he went on to say, though imperfect, is not treated, even in serious Christian circles, with the warmth and consideration it deserves. Under any circumstances, however, as the Chancellor added: 'Germany can afford no longer to be considered equivocal and untrustworthy.'"

My friend from Badenweiler spoke of the incessant labors of Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Tirpitz, and others to restore the monarchy. To do this and to bring about a new war, he remarked, the extremists aim, in the first place, at a military dictatorship. "They think this the easier to bring about because military men always have too much liberty in dictating to our civilian Government. Parliamentary government is now impossible, these men protest. Why? It has not, forsooth, passed laws protecting privilege!

"But leave the lunatics. For serious constitutional—not revolutionary—monarchists, the trouble is that no serious person is in sight whom they would choose as Emperor. A fine, steady old gentleman like William I, yes, perhaps, relying on a Bismarck to look out for the state and on a Moltke to look out for the army. But such a triad—it is certainly not in sight. William II was less tactful than his grandfather, and needed all the more the prestige of a Bismarck. Yet the young Emperor actually dismissed Bismarck! The Kaiser suffices for everything, thought William II. A mere constitutional colorless English king, that was not to his liking. And his final flight to Holland! Kaiser he might still be but for these things."

"Yet your President, in public opinion, hardly replaces the Emperor," I interjected.

"Not as a vivid personality, Herr. But the saddler Ebert gives William II one lesson. The President is quiet, steady-going, talks little and says much. That is the kind of executive for any country. No more vain, impulsive, erratic, emotional monarchs, no matter how brilliant! The elections in your country and in England indicate the same frame of mind."

"If," I then asked, "your first danger to the Republic is the agitation for a new war and the second but lesser danger the monarchist agitation, what comes next?"

"The danger of too many political parties," he replied. "Too many cooks spoil the broth. Here in Baden a dozen parties are registering lists of candidates for Parliament.

"In some of these parties you can discern signs of a new, sober, solid, substantial democratic feeling that has nothing to do with reaction on the one hand or with a communistically inclined Socialism on the other. That is what I expect our elections to confirm. We cannot afford to remain behind in this race. Outworn tradition and new half-baked schemes must be judged in the light of a new world era. Hence one of the election issues is an unconditional acceptance of the Dawes Plan, a plan due to the genius of great Americans. Even the Nationalists, after having repudiated this plan, allowed the passage of the necessary legislation, though only as a maneuver to get into the Government and so to stab the Republic."

The London Agreement, allowing France to remain in the Ruhr till August, is part of the Marx administration. The question before the German electors will be: Is intransigeance to be perpetuated or is the Marx policy of conciliation to be safeguarded for the future?

Freiburg im Baden, November 25, 1924.

The "Capture" of Peking

By THOMAS C. BLAISDELL

The coup d'état in China's capital marks a new stage in the development of that vast and ancient land. These are strange days in the realm once ruled by the Son of Heaven

"I HAVE just heard a piece of alarming news. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang marched into the city last night and took possession of it." A manifestly disturbed American, born in China and living here all his life, spoke these words to me about ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, October 23.

And I realized that for foreigners it might be an alarming piece of news if it meant that General Wu Pei-fu's Government forces had been decisively defeated and that he with Marshal Feng and their armies had been compelled to retreat from Shanghaikwan, the 250-mile-distant battle-front, and make a last stand at the huge walls of Peking, which are twice the height and twice the breadth of the world-famous Great Wall; for it could mean, in that case, only that General Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria and leader of the so-called rebel forces at Shanghaikwan, was in hot pursuit and that the center of conflict within a very few days would be the capital city.

And it might mean that very thing, for the Government had clamped down the lid so tight that the papers had printed no war news for days, one paper which dared to print some modest suggestions having had its pressroom sealed by the censor; so we really had no guess as to what conditions at the front were.

But this alarming statement did explain some things which had already set me wondering. The preceding evening, with my wife, I had had dinner with friends in Tungchou, fifteen miles from Peking. The dinner had been early in order that we might get back to the city before the gates were shut for the night, for we had no pass. We left our friends about eight o'clock. Four times before we were within Peking's walls we were stopped by soldiers lined up across the highway. We speak no Chinese; neither of the drivers of our taxi—cars here must have two horns and police regulations demand an assistant to the driver, who shall keep one horn blowing practically all the time as the car whirls through the crowded streets of the city—spoke any English. However, after the light was switched on and the soldiers had looked us over most carefully and there had been much talking between them and the drivers, we were permitted to pass. They had not been discourteous in any way; they seemed merely to wish assurance as to who we were. I began to understand, after my friend's statement, why we had been so carefully looked over.

The Ancient Sounds of China

THAT morning also, as we sat down to breakfast, we had noticed over our wall and across the *hutung*, or narrow street, that the home and office of the lo-

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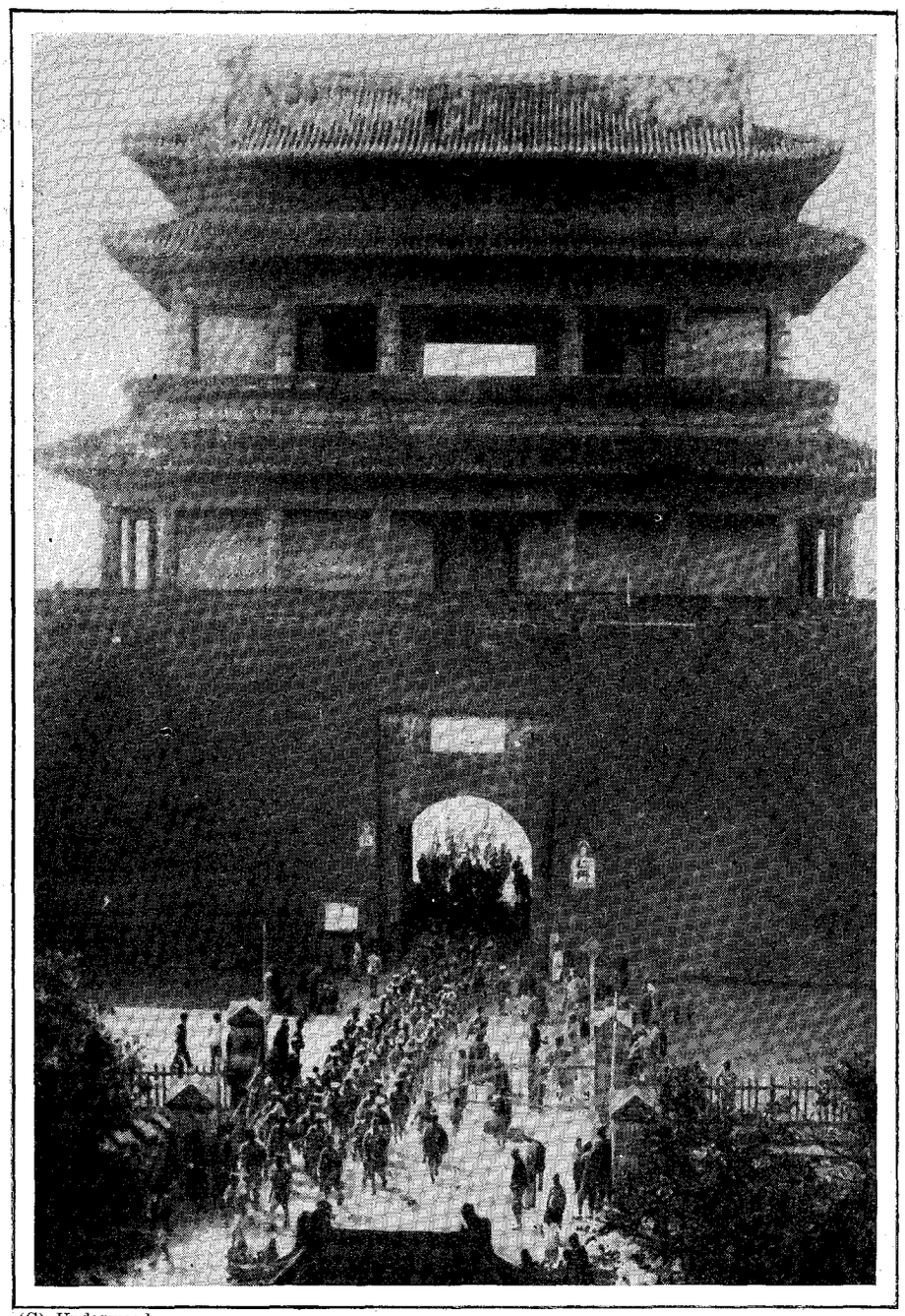

(C) Underwood

Troops of the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, passing out of Peking to battle with the army of Chang Tso-lin

cal Japanese agent of the South Manchurian Railway had flung a large Japanese flag to the breezes. As we ate we concluded that he was celebrating a national holiday. We commented also on the absence of the customary noises made by peddlers passing along the *hutung*. Their raucous cries; the groaning of the huge water-barrow loaded until the straining coolie could scarcely push it (water at a big copper a bucket for householders too poor to have running water—and six big coppers equal an American cent); the xylophone sound of one piece of wood struck sharply against another, the sign of the cloth merchant: the trumpet blown by the seller of Chinese cabbage, which looks exactly like a mammoth stalk of perfectly blanched celery; the twanging notes of a crude tuning-fork struck irregularly by the itinerant barber; and the numberless other noises to tell of the passing of the vender of sweets, of meat, of peanuts, of the luscious-looking red-fruit; of the knife-grinder with his long smooth stone on which he rubs the blade; of the drover with hogs or sheep being driven and led to the butcher; and of a hundred other salesmen, each determined to attract the attention of the folk dwelling behind the solid brick walls, eight or ten feet high. None of these noises obtruded themselves on our breakfast that tense morning.

Soon we went out of our gate. Our rickshaw boys were waiting. As they tucked our robes about our knees one of them, proud of his few words of English, said, "Chinese holiday." We were glancing down the *hutung* to Hatamen Street, fifty yards away. This is one of the broad streets reaching from the south wall to the north, straight as an arrow, an artery of traffic. Soldiers were guarding the end of our alley. In the distance, above the one-story buildings, rose a British flag, and a little beyond it the Stars and Stripes; I had never seen either of them before in those places. As we entered Hatamen Street I noticed that the entrance to the central telephone exchange was guarded by a group of soldiers, while pickets marched up and down at the curb, sending chance passers into the street, while within the gate were numberless civilian operators with their occupation gone. I noted too that every soldier had his bayonet fixed and his full equipment. Incidentally, I should say that the telephone here is directed by the Government.

A Pageant That Didn't Pass

And Hatamen Street! I have seen far more people on it in the middle of the night! No rickshaw traffic, no jolting two-wheeled Peking carts drawn by a bundle of bones, no barrows with loads of coal or vegetables or huge timbers almost too great a burden for the toiling coolie, no motor cars except an occasional one with a soldier outrider or perhaps two on each running-board guarding the military occupant; no tables at the curb with jewel-like persimmons, the size of mammoth tomatoes, glistening in the brilliant sun; no sidewalk restaurants for the coolies with their great pots of seething sweet potatoes and other foods all ready to eat, some appetizing, some not; no tables covered with little piles of peanuts, each selling for a big copper; no sheet-iron workers making stove-pipe lengths on the sidewalk; almost no displays in front of the stores; in fact, many of the stores were closed up tight, their fronts boarded up and barricaded. Along the street only a few Chinese. An atmosphere vibrant with something about to happen. As we passed street after street we found many of them guarded at the entrance by soldiers, all with fixed bayonets. Just opposite the Y. M. C. A. building we noticed what seemed to be a headquarters, for there the soldiers were swarming.

On through all but deserted streets and *hutungs*, all as quiet as the streets in a New England village on a Sabbath morning—something which I had never seen before in Peking. Finally we reached Peking University compound, our destination. While we waited for the chapel auditorium to be vacated by a small class in order that we might listen to a lecture on Hawaii, the president of the University passed us. He did not speak to me. In spite of his mani-

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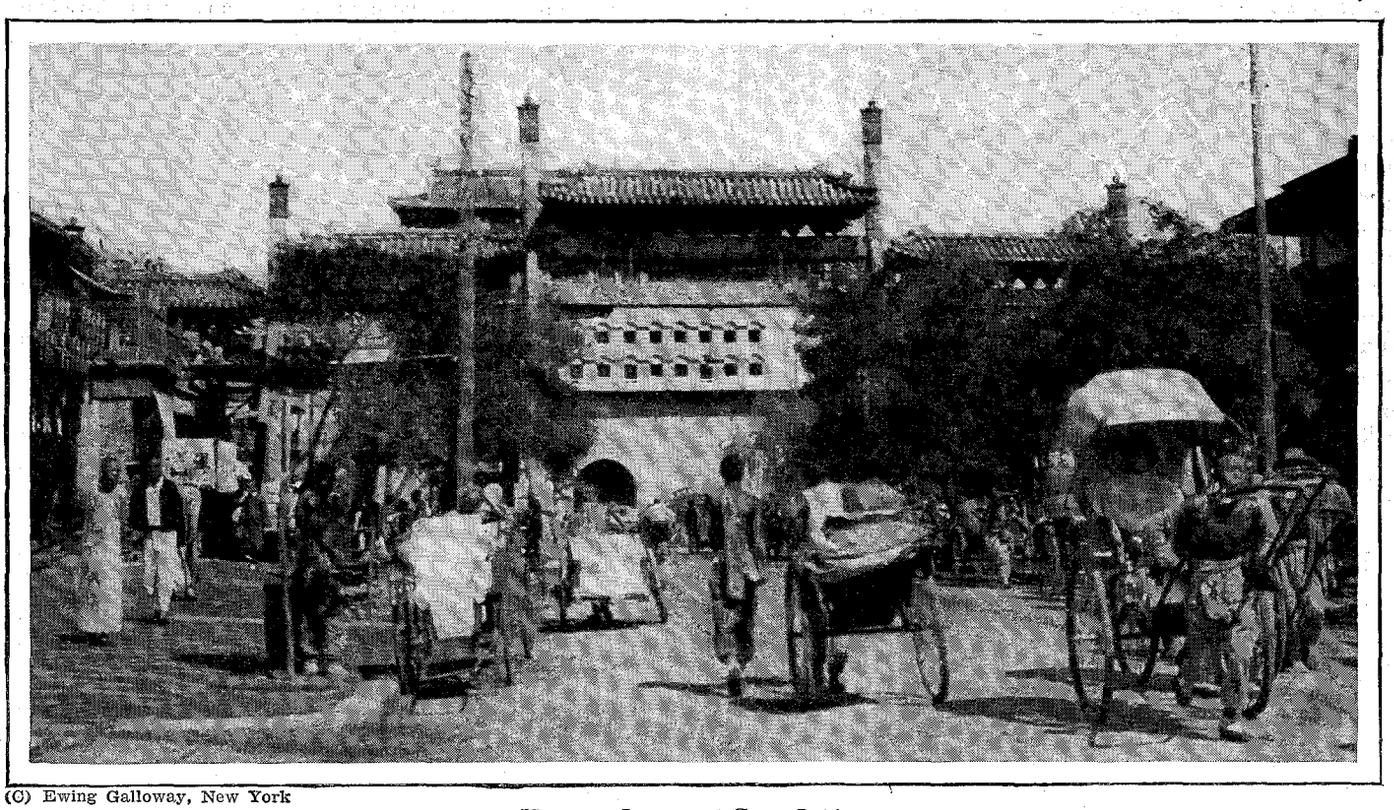

(C) Ewing Galloway, New York

Hatamen Street and Gate, Peking

fest agitation, I thought it strange, for I had known him in America and I knew that he knew I was in Peking, although I had not seen him. Shortly he returned. He stopped, spoke hurriedly, apologized for passing me a moment before, and uttered the words with which this story begins:

"I have just heard a piece of alarming news. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang marched into the city last night and took possession of it."

Then he passed on.

I enjoyed the lecture from beginning to end; yet all through it there was running through my sub-conscious mind something which if cast into words would have been, in substance, "Marshal Feng has taken possession of Peking. He is the Christian general. Thousands of his troops, under his preaching, have professed Christianity. There is no other general in China whom I should be so glad to have in possession of this city if it must come under martial law. He will have no looting by his soldiers. He will not only look after foreigners; he will see to it that the Chinese are protected." And in my heart I was thankful, and am thankful now, four days later, that it is Marshal Feng.

About a dozen years ago Feng became a Christian, not under any emotional compulsion, but after long years of study of Christianity. He has with him wherever he is a huge, well-worn copy of the Scriptures. He is a member of the Methodist Church and often preaches in the churches. Far more often he preaches to his officers in the camp, and, once they have become Christians, he urges them to preach to their soldiers. He has one of the best-equipped, best-drilled, and most reliable armies in China. For two or three years he has had perhaps forty thousand men in barracks just outside the walls of Peking. A few weeks ago he started north toward the battle-front with these soldiers and with long lines of carts, of donkeys, and of camels loaded with provender and munitions. All sorts of rumors came back as to his destination and his purposes. Of course it was supposed that he was going to co-operate with General Wu Pei-fu in striving to drive back the forces of General Chang Tso-lin.

In the last few days it has developed that he marched forth in order to mature his plans for the "capture of Peking."

A Chinese Dick Whittington

His plans completed, he marched back. His soldiers entered the city without a shot, it having been agreed that the gates should be opened for them without resistance. He threw his guards into the various parts of the city, with particularly strong ones around the palace of the President, the homes of the members of the President's Cabinet, and all entrances to the legation quarter, for he did not propose to let any of the influential members of the Government escape if he could help it; and one way of escaping would be to take refuge with a legation. (It should be understood that the legations in Peking are all housed behind high protecting walls in a special quarter of the city, and that streets entering this quarter may be closed at a moment's notice by great iron gates, making entrance to the quarter impossible. Within this quarter also are foreign banks and many foreign stores and business houses of all kinds.)

Once in the city, the soldiers posted widely a proclamation, prepared before, stating in substance that Feng felt that the Chinese, suffering from flood and famine, should not be scourged with war, and that consequently he was going to strive to effect a cessation of fighting, bring together the older statesmen of the nation in council, and put in power a Government that would think of the welfare of the people rather than rule for solely selfish ends.

The Price of Looting

Prompt measures were taken to prevent looting. One Chinese, caught robbing, was promptly beheaded and his head hung in a conspicuous place on Hatamen Street, a warning to all others. Rumor says that several were beheaded and their heads carried on poles through the streets. I have found no one who saw this, but I have seen several foreigners who saw the head suspended above the street.

Within a few hours after the city was under the control of Feng, President Tsao Kun signed four mandates which had been prepared by his Cabinet under the direction of Feng. (Rumor says that the President signed them only after he had been clearly informed that, if he did not sign, bombs would be dropped on his palace. Their contents make it certain that he signed them only under force.)

The mandates (1) order that all fighting immediately cease; (2) abolish the

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posts of commander-in-chief and deputy commander (posts occupied by General Wu Pei-fu and his first assistant); (3) relieve Wu Pei-fu of all offices he held as ruler over three provinces; (4) appoint Wu Pei-fu director of the reclamation of waste lands in Chinese Turkestan. The last is of course a polite way of exiling Wu; to give him an appointment "saves his face."

To-day, four days after the "capture," business as usual is everywhere evident. The Chinese, frightened blue last Thursday in their fear of looting, seem to be wholly normal. Soldiers still guard the streets, but they interfere with none. Yesterday the great plaza on which the railway stations front was full of army camels quietly munching their hay; absolutely nothing else was to be seen. No trains had run for three days. To-day two trains daily to Tientsin are promised. Telephone and telegraph lines are once more open. The curfew order has been greatly modified if not abolished. Martial law still governs the city, but it is a very gentle martial law.

I asked a gentleman long resident in China to tell me the occasion of the present civil war. Summarized, he stated that a few months ago two enemies of General Wu were given refuge by the governor of the province surrounding Shanghai. The governor of the adjoining province to the west considered this an unfriendly act toward Wu, and he took it upon himself to punish the protecting governor. Thus started the fighting about Shanghai. General Wu concluded that, since the fighting had been started, it would be a good time to unify by force the eighteen provinces, most of which were largely independent and some of which were giving no heed to the will of the central Government. He accordingly started north to deal with General Chang Tso-lin, Governor of Manchuria, who has developed about Mukden modern factories for the manufacture of every kind of war munitions, including airplanes, and who has been more independent, perhaps, than any other governor. Thus the fighting began at Shanghaikwan, where the Great Wall comes down to the sea and where Chang tore up six miles of the Mukden-Tientsin-Peking-Shanghai Railroad so that Wu could not use it to send soldiers and supplies into Manchuria. The fighting in the south, about Hongkong and Canton, more than a thousand miles from Peking, seems to be a wholly local matter, without connection with the war in the north. The newspaper talk that associates it with the latter is no doubt based on the fact that Sun Yat-sen, the southern idealist, is hostile to President Tsao Kun.

The Presidency has been a political football ever since the establishment of the Republic in 1913, the chief aim of each of the factions being the control of the income of the Government railroads and of the customs receipts.

Marshal Feng's talk is that of a man primarily interested in the welfare of the people. Let us hope that he is thus interested. Yet one Chinese scholar, a Christian, says that he is inexcusable for his disloyalty to General Wu and to the President. Others insist that his loyalty to the welfare of the people is something much nobler and that his attempt to bring the war to an end is the action, not only of a friend of the masses, but of a true Christian.

What General Wu and General Chang Tso-lin think of the capture of Peking is something we have yet to learn. What they think may make very interesting food for thought and perhaps very interesting fighting not far from where I write.

Is there a possibility that my rickshaw boy was right? Will October 23 become a Chinese holiday to commemorate the establishment of a government for the benefit of the masses—a government, not of force, but of the sage wisdom of gray hairs?

The Salon d'Automne

Special Correspondence from Paris

By PHILIP CARR

IN spite of the absence of the most officially distinguished painters—I will not say because of it—the Salon d'Automne is still the most representative exhibition of the living movement in French art. In sculpture the same thing is not quite so true, for the men at the top of the tree are without doubt the best, and their work is not here; but it is certainly true of the pictures. This is not to say that the Salon d'Automne is revolutionary, for as it advances in years it becomes less and less so.

Indeed, there can hardly be said to exist to-day any violent new theory of painting, such as during the successive outbursts of impressionism, post-impressionism, and cubism made men far more preoccupied with the manner of expressing than with what they had to express. Even those who first came into prominence for the boldest experiments have now settled down to the more laborious study of painting and draughtsmanship, and composition itself has now come back into favor. The big picture by Jean Marchand of the half-nude woman lying upon a sofa, which is one of the most remarkable works in this year's show, is a case in point. Its balance of design and color is carefully composed in a way which the generation of painters to which he belongs would have scorned a few years ago. Perhaps the change is the result of the decline of the immediate after-war spirit, which prompted the substitution of forced originality for the lost years of artistic perfectioning.

It is certain that just as there are hardly any cubist pictures, and those only at the far end of a side room, so also, on another side, there are none of the sentimental and artistically deplorable war pictures which have made up the more popular side of these exhibitions during the last few years.

I do not say that there are no pictures that the spectator with a chromo-lithographic vision will fail to understand and by which he will be moved rather to laughter than to admiration. I do not even say that there are no pictures in which a deliberately infantile manner is made to cover an ignorance of the principles of drawing. It is a curious thing, however, that most of the works which the ordinary man refuses to accept as pictures or statues he would welcome with joy if they were presented to him as designs for wall-paper or carpets. He would willingly admire as a bedpost what he refuses to admit as the portrait of a gentleman in stone or wood.

This Salon is really dominated by three of the half-dozen of its more notable members who are showing nothing this year. The chief absentees are the great colorist Matisse, as well as Bonnard, Braque, Vlaminck, Utrillo, and Dunoyer de Segonzac. The last two, however, have even more imitators than hitherto. Again and again one comes across a view of a Paris street whose ingenuous, intimate, and brilliantly colored detail make one think it is a Utrillo, until one realizes how much of person-

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ality goes to make up such an apparently simple formula. Again and again broad effects of green and bitumen recall Dunoyer, until a nearer approach shows that the picture does not reveal the power of light and shade that he can command. If they increase our regret at the absence of the originals, these imitations are not mentioned in a spirit of criticism. On the contrary, in an artistic movement they are a sign of vitality.

Reynard the Fox in Albemarle

When Old Virginia Rides to Hounds

By GEORGE MARVIN

INTO the borderland of sleep one by one come significant sounds:

"Hi, Henry, who gwine fetch Misto Julian's saddle?"

"Ambrose, yoh done call Miss Ca'line?"

A familiar shuffling foot on the steep stairs; two pieces of dropped firewood retracing their downward steps, with muttered obligato; registration as of a pail of water set down with invariable splash. Then the creak of an opening door, and over the rampart of bedclothes gray squares of dawn through uncurtained window-panes appear, lighting a burglarious figure bending over the stove.

"Six o'clock, suh, an' a fine moanin'."

Now, like a jig-saw puzzle suddenly solved, all the ingredients fall into their appointed places and reviving anticipations overcome the hardship of rising and dressing in a temperature of near outdoors. The heroic little stove begins to blush and sing its cheerful madrigal. The same shadowy hands that started it now light the lamp, pick up yesterday's scattered clothes, and make tidy the attic room.

"Yo' wateh plenty hot, suh, and Rivers say he have de mare wid de saddle on at seven o'clock—yes, *suh!*"

Time to jump. Breakfast at six-thirty, and three miles to ride to the meet at Turner's Gate before half-past seven. A squint over shaving lather at the printed card of announcements confirms this idea. "Hounds will meet at 7:30 A.M.," and, running down the list of dates, "Thursday, November 27th—Turner's Gate" sure enough.

By breakfast time it is light enough to eat, but there are candles throwing their warm and friendly glow on bare mahogany as the household straggles down dressed to ride. Boiler test of personality, breakfast at an unaccustomed early hour. How good the coffee tastes, two steaming cups! And on the sideboard there's fruit appealing, and eggs under cover keeping warm, and hot batter-bread that only Aunt Lou knows how to make, with Wellford in a white coat standing by to help folks help themselves. Not much after seven o'clock, pulling on gloves, crops under arms, lighting a cigarette, powdering a nose, down the steps of the white-columned porch, with a clumpety-clump of boots and clicket-clack of talk, the hospitable Colonel's contingent go to horse.

What a *morning*! A breath is a drink! Why ever lie abed late? And why live anywhere else than in Virginia, or, in Virginia, why in any other county?

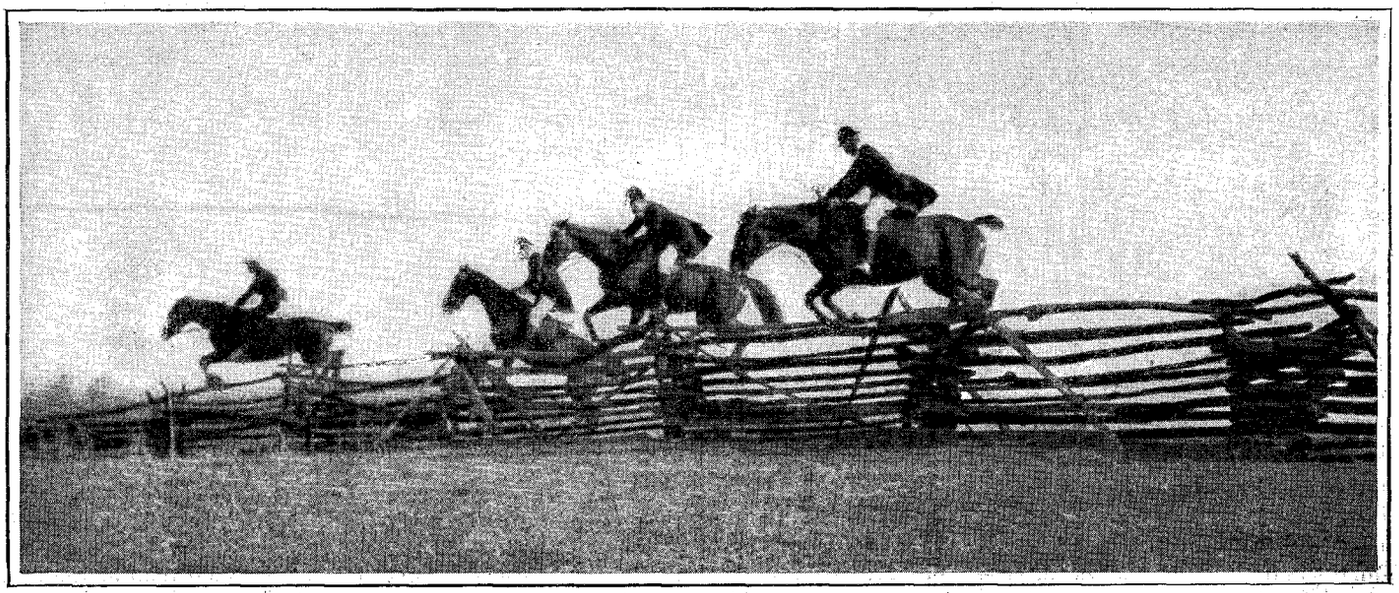
"Albemarle at its best," says the Professor.

"No," the Colonel quietly corrects him, "average Albemarle."

No wind is stirring, but the air is palpably alive, laden with uncatalogued, invigorating scents that, taken together, spell autumn in the Piedmont. The November sun, only a half-hour out of his own bed, throws misty lights slanting-wise across fields and woods and hills that are made this morning of copper, bronze, and gold, discriminated here and there with silver incrustations of frosty dew.

It's all in key—weather, landscape, people. Somewhere, just as "the hillside's dew-pearled," Mr. Browning's lark must be on the wing, his snail on its thorn, for very certainly "all's right with the world."

And now here are the horses. Old Burnside stands stock still for the Colonel to mount, but arches a veined neck and rolls a tempestuous eye. The Professor has his troubles with Virginia, who skitters and swerves so that he has to hop along with one foot in the stirrup while the groom, on her off side, whistles and speaks consolingly to her, pushing



"The charging citizenry" of the hunt

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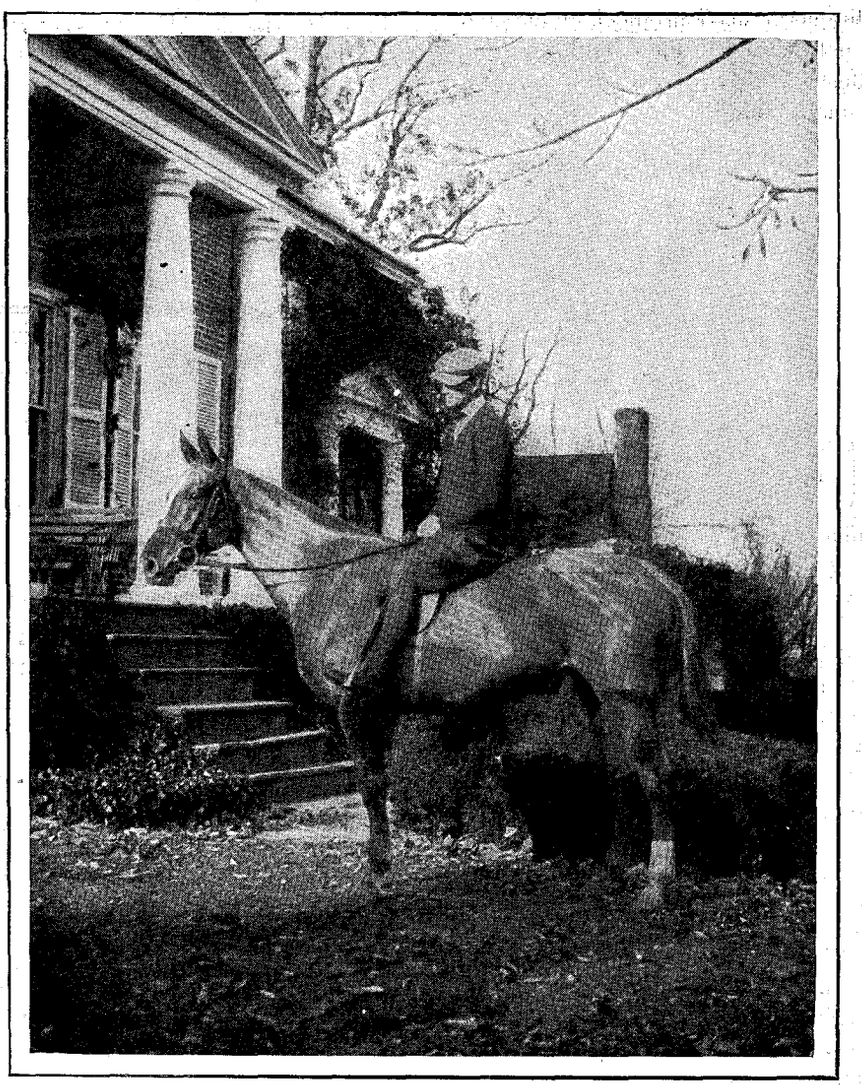
against her quarters and holding the loose stirrup until the rider's right leg comes swinging a high arc over and the red-faced pedagogue, with a fist full of reins and his hat over one ear, goes sidling rakishly away to leeward. By contrast, the clean spring of Julian Smith from Upperville, who gains his saddle like the breech-block on a Springfield slipping into place. Click! and there he is, a proper figure of a man, the thoroughbred mare collected under him, though in spirit "rarin' to go," acknowledging her master with perfect manners. And now here's Dr. Shurman from over Staunton way, who rides a black warhorse that must weigh close to fifteen hundred. If he let his animal's fetlocks grow he would fit into an Albrecht Dürer engraving, and if he weighed fifty pounds more he couldn't gallop. But no average fence in the county can throw him. The low ones he manages somehow to clear, the high ones he jumps through. Dignified Torrence, the Louisville broker, helps the arch Mrs. James to mount her polo pony. Red lips, harmonics in her voice, courage in her abundant hair, she adds perceptibly to the dynamics of the morning. She once up, the broker, who has seen some cavalry service, makes a running mount of his green hunter, thus acquiring merit in her dark eyes. Meanwhile down the lane from the stables, where they have mounted from the stile, come the Botolph sisters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Carrie, dressed exactly alike—black habits, white stocks, and bowler hats—and becomingly riding side-saddle. Mothers of children and pillars of the rural church, not so willowy as once they were but "bohn an' raised" in the saddle, still they sit straight-backed, swaying easily to their horses' motion, light hands on loosened curb and snaffle, crisp as the morning.

By courtesy of neighbors McHenry and Phillips, whose wide acres adjoin, it is possible to avoid the macadam highway most of the three miles to Turner's. Four intervening gates to open with a crop without dismounting, but the last, a low and decrepit one, is fastened by an unreachable hook. The Colonel starts to get down, but, "Way there a minute," sings out young Julian, and puts the mare over it as clean as a bird. The others follow soberly after the Colonel through the opened gate, and, avoiding fields of new-sown winter wheat and jumping a couple of "branches," almost dry after this rainless weather, all eight in a group ride up to the crossroads at Turner's just as Mr. Judson, the huntsman, and Mr. Mason, the whip—Virginians and horsemen to the marrow—come into view with hounds, a clump of waving tails, trotting before them. Behind them ride a group of those who live nearer by: Henry Morton and lovely "Lady" Morton, who hunt in England every winter, convoying their three house guests, also evidently to the hunting born; "Squire" Gosling comfortably set on a young farm horse bred by a jumping sire; huge Arthur Holcomb in a sombrero and a Mexican stock saddle harvested from two years on the border; and rosy Mrs. Holcomb, in golf stockings, just not too plump to ride astride, talking to Mrs. Henderson, very prim and precise and piquant, as though to ride in the Bois de Boulogne. Promptly on time, the M. F. H. appears on the trot out of his own avenue across the way—"pink" coat, white "cords," velvet visored cap, and legs poured into his riding boots. Apropos of his Gothic shanks, Miss Charlotte once wisely observed that "the pride of the riding boot is the despair of the knickerbocker."

On his arrival he gives the signal to the huntsman, who at once moves off down the road with the hounds, turns them through some open bars into a grass wood road, and leads them away up Blue Mountain, a low ridge, wooded near the top, where are the coverts to be drawn this morning. The gathering "field," some horses restive, others quiet as sheep, waits on the master's word before taking up position. Stragglers gain these few minutes of start for hounds to join those who have turned out on time. Henderson, who has had to motor to Charlottesville to meet a guest coming down from New York by the night train, now hits the crossroads in an aura of dust, and both men hop out and mount Henderson's two big hunters, held in readiness by his groom. The friend is an unknown quantity in the hunting field, and Henderson, a stickler for form, appraises him apprehensively as they ride up. About the same time young Peggy Johnson, fearless daughter of the Keswick country store, canters in on a high black fencer of her father's. Four or five farmers have been conservatively on hand all the time, and several darkies, mounted on every kind of nondescript equine, one of them wearing a huge pair of patent-leather Congress gaiters, make up the rest of the field as the M. F. H. raises his whip and moves off up the wood road at the head of a long column.

Fox-hunting in Albemarle County is



George Marvin, mounted on Blue-Belle, ready for a run with the Keswick hounds

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more fun than formality. On horseback or on foot, a large proportion of its citizens hunt the fox from September to March. Elsewhere in the State well-organized hunts flourish, where the technique of the sport is more punctiliously observed, where "fields" are larger and much more smartly turned out, where imported packs are perfectly kenneled, and where the thoroughbred horseflesh which follows them across well-paneled country represents some of the income from Northern and Western millions. In Albemarle there is very little technique either in word or deed, but people ride hard and, barring wire, straight. In the field of thirty or so here, larger than the local average, you only see five "pinks," and the horses represent a catholicity of means on the part of their riders as wide as the disparity of their riding clothes.

In the domestic collection of thirty hounds now drawing covert are contributions from three separate owners made to pack well by the art of the dog-wise Judson. But it may well be doubted if anywhere there is more clear joy in following hounds than over the fields and hills and through the gold autumn weather of the old Cavalier county.

Some technique is observed, however, even in Albemarle. And so the field remains quietly back outside the covert instead of riding up the back of the huntsman's neck and all over hounds. Silently sitting there, they regard each other and the landscape with favor or a critical eye, as the case may be, while listening to the occasional crackling of underbrush, the huntsman's urging voice, or the whimpering of hounds. Smoke ascending in tenuous lines from farmers' chimneys in the valley, curving white ribbon of distant highway, a plowman and his team like a black bug crawling on the gray edge of a red-furrowed square; smell of horse and saddle leather and morning woods; faint derisive hoot of the north-bound train on the C. and O. carrying unlucky people out of Virginia—

"Gone away!" yells Mason, the whip, his veteran ear a wink quicker than the rest, and away he goes, coat-skirts in the air. Yes, there's the horn from unseen Judson—often he forgets entirely to blow it—backing him up with the two long notes of "Gone away," and, most thrilling of all hunting sounds, the chorus of the pack in full cry. Here is where Dick Mason is assets. He knows the country, he knows hounds, and he knows as much as man can know of the devious ways of foxes gray and red. And already he knows that this is most probably a red fox "gone" because the line he takes is towards the Southwest Range, foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and full of friendly "earths." Without a moment's hesitation he has turned right and is galloping just outside the second-growth pine over the shoulder of the hill with the whole field helter-skelter after him. In one minute it is as though some Titanic sower, picking up all these horses and people together, had sowed them with a lavish hand.

On the far side of the grassy shoulder the land dips down to a winding branch, spring-fed and running full and grown up here and there with bushes; then a level stretch of bad land, marked by feathery-white "broom-saige," with a rail fence at its far side. With the rush of the air and the thrill of the drumming hoofs, almost you can feel the thinking going on among that charging citizenry as each rider in his separate way, over his horse's lunging ears, picks his place to take the branch and begins to scan the fence for a low panel and a sound take-off. In the first group over the water go sailing Mason and the M. F. H. with his seventeen-hand gray, the Colonel, Julian, and Henderson, their bunched scarlet coats making an old sporting print picture as their hunters rise almost together and fly the ditch in their strides. Clearing the branch and landing on the far side of the fence, Henderson's face is turned back over his shoulder in a wild surmise to watch the progress of his guest. After that, like the man in "The Ancient Mariner," "he turns no more his head," his entire expression changes, and he sits down to ride with the proud smile of an utterly reassured hunting host. On his right and not far back come Mrs. James, no longer arch, her pony running like a jack-rabbit and she like a part of him over the water; Miss Carrie, grimly sniffing a "tearin' run;" and "Squire" Gosling getting a lot of going out of the farm colt. Off to the left, with better judgment of country and sense of probable direction, the Mortons are laying their course, with Dr. Shurman pounding the ground on his black charger close behind. His wake is a galloping wedge of safety-first riders converging towards the panel he elects to take, well knowing that the débris of his charge will leave behind the easiest jump in every fence. The second division thus assisted, the entire field weathers the first two obstacles, and, turning left with a wide swing at the end of the woodland, come full in view of the pack and the red splash of Mason's coat three fields away and heading straight for the Southwest Hills, with four miles at least to run to the nearest earth. A red fox sure enough. Dick Judson, fencing like a steeplechaser, slings his horn to his lips and lets go an uneven blare for which there is absolutely no provision in the book. But it says what nearly every man and woman in that first flight is feeling.

By half-past one the last of the riders has straggled down from the "mountain" (generic name for any considerable excrescence in the landscape) to the hunt breakfast at Clover Farms, their numbers swelled by many others on foot, in old carriages, and in motor cars. A small regiment of Negro boys is on hand, nominally to hold horses and actually to iron in on the abundant provision for the feast. Before the fireplace in the living-room old George Munson, his boots splashed with red mud, is holding forth:

"No, suh, Ah neveh have seen such a fox since—Ah—wuz—*bohn!*" The last word is emphasized as though some one whacked a soft base drum. And he has wound up so many eloquent periods in the last half-hour with the same phrase that a group of equally muddy and dusty and thirsty men have fallen into the habit of getting vocally into step with him, repeating "since—Ah—wuz" in perfect concert, to fall altogether on "bohn" with a sound like a young explosion.

Out on the veranda in the sun young Julian is telling the Mortons and the "Squire" of how Miss Carrie finished without her skirt. "Her horse fell at that stiff fence by Macon's barn," he explained. "She paid no attention to the old skirt—it was one of those patent safety things—and actually scrambled back into the saddle by herself, before I could get there to help her, and came on in her riding-breeches the same as the rest of us."

"Five hours in the saddle with only three real checks—I should call that some fox chase!"—unacademically says the Professor, enormously pleased with himself for having survived the morning more or less closely associated with his mount.

"The astonishing thing," says one of the Morton guests to another, "is how many different riders, mounted on indifferent horses, somehow manage to negotiate difficult country and get over sizable fences without casualties. Which is continuing proof, I believe, that the average horse is a natural jumper and the average man goes with a horse."

With that enormous sense of *camaraderie* born of a good run and a Virginia hunt breakfast, the Colonel holds out his hand to Henderson's tall and quiet guest, who has held his place in the first flight all the way without a refusal. "I want to congratulate you, sir, on a very fine performance," says he. And just within earshot Henderson's weather-beaten face glows like sunlit brick.

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Southern Outlooks

A vista, framed in Spanish moss, of Lake Hamilton, Winter Haven, Florida

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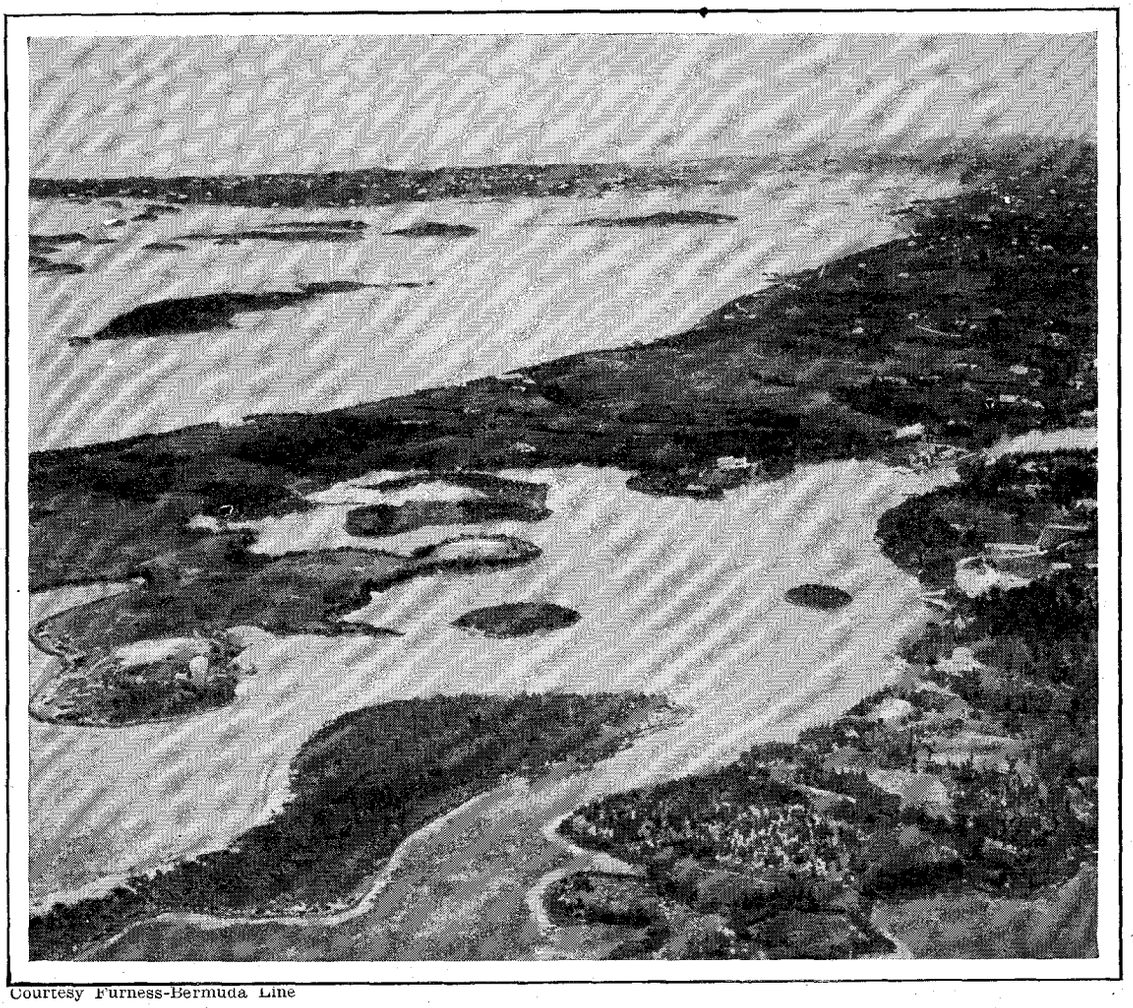
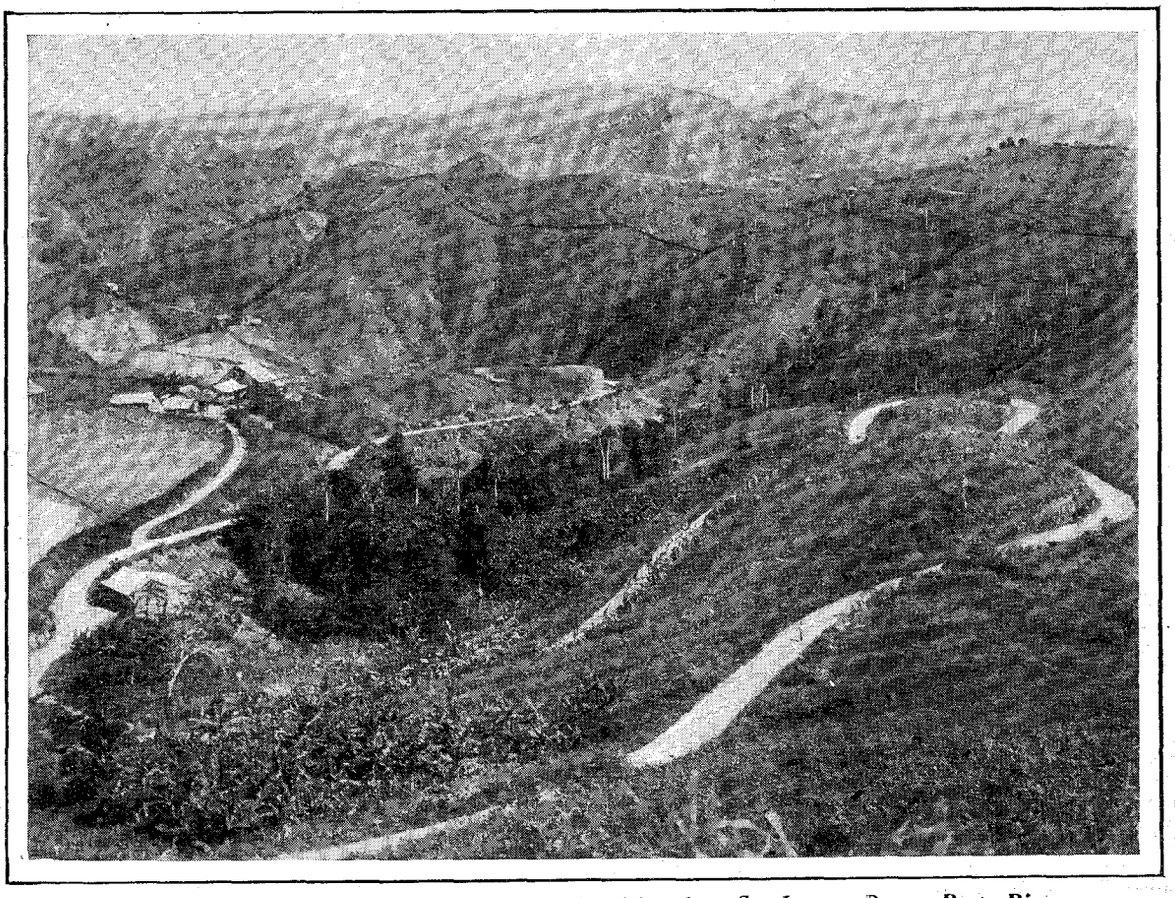


Courtesy Furness-Bermuda Line

It takes an airplane to give a true idea of the land and waterways of Bermuda



Winding over the hills, this road transports the visitor from San Juan to Ponce, Porto Rico

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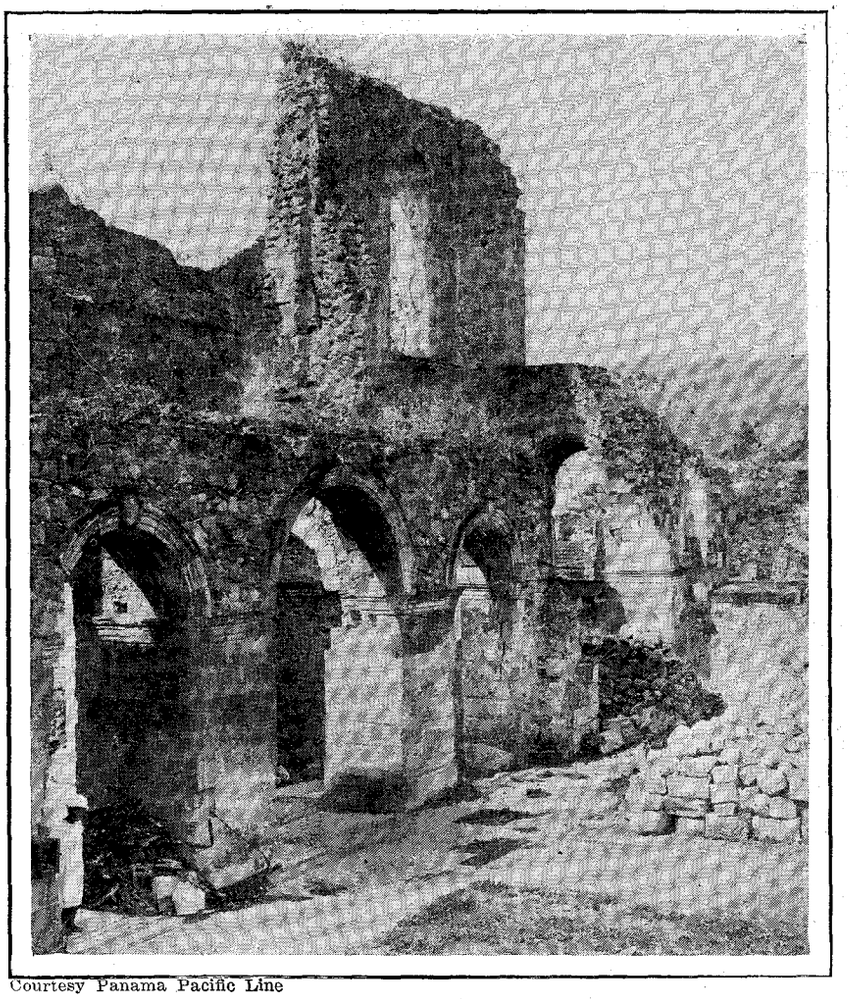
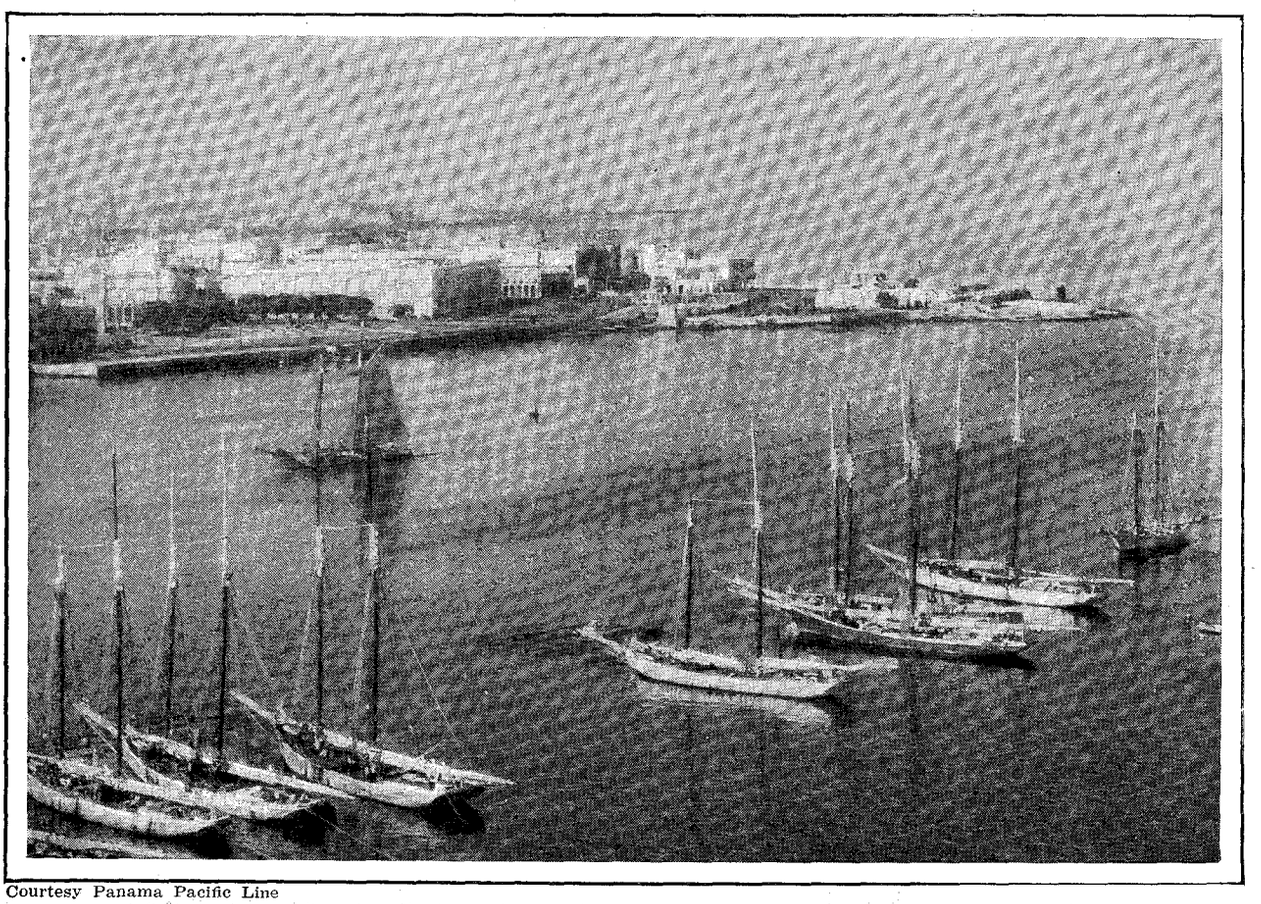


Courtesy Panama Pacific Line

The ruins of St. Pierre, Martinique, tell of the tragedy that once startled the world



Courtesy Panama Pacific Line

Havana from Cabaña Castle. The fleet in the foreground represents a comparatively recent addition to the sea-borne commerce of Havana

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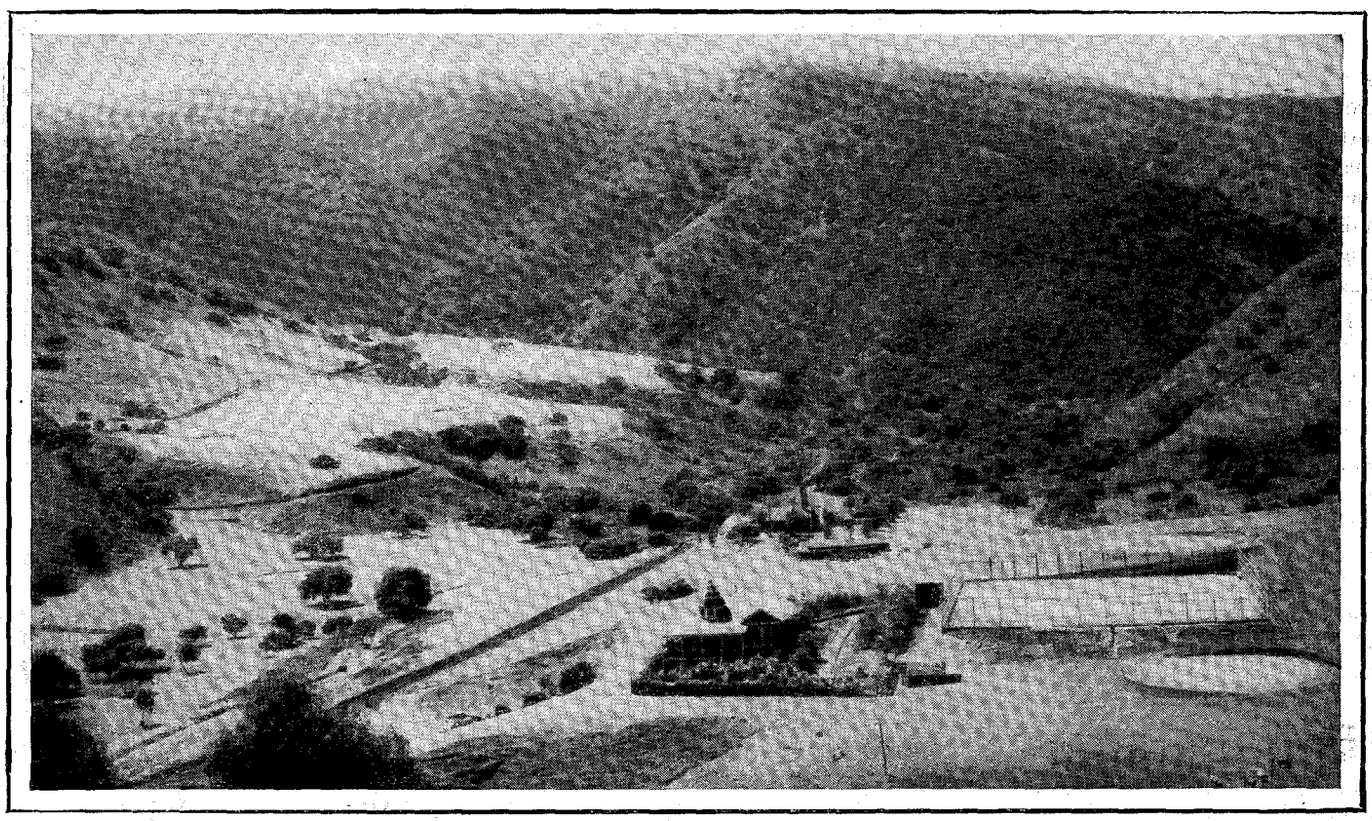

Twenty-six miles from Los Angeles, off the Golden State coast, is the Catalina Country Club, on Catalina Island, a high favorite among California State tourists

Why Men Migrate

By J. LEWIS BROWN

Lands where press agents approximate the truth

CASTING about for a reason, or reasons, why nearly two million people find it absolutely necessary to go South every winter to round out their realm of happiness—something most of their forebears never thought of, and, in fact, reveled instead in the good old winter of the frozen North—one reaches the conclusion, after considerably more than a cursory review of the situation, that three factors are primarily responsible for this seemingly irrepressible and, at times, unwarranted annual migration. Of course there are other contributing causes, but they are only accessories after the fact, and, if properly classified, will be labeled as subsidiary rivulets of the main streams of the three agents I have in mind.

Primarily, of course, the climate is to blame. Curiously enough, or perhaps it is just a coincidence, but during the last ten years, and particularly since the war, the *nouveau riche,* the social world, and those who aspire to both of these circles have found that no longer are their good red corpuscles able to turn aside the intimate touches of Jack Frost. And as for Old Man Winter, the very thought of having to sojourn in his environment is, to say the least, enough to make them suffer sinking spells at the base of the brain. It would seem then that, with such a patent infliction encroaching upon the American public and with the white corpuscles shouting for support and nourishment, it was only logical that a climate be sought where harmony between these two factions could be restored. The sunny South beckoned from Florida to California, and in the wake of the migratory birds has raced an ever-increasing perennial horde.

The second allotment of blame falls on the broad shoulders of the publicity agent, the individual who is responsible for the seductive and alluring literature that paints pictures of the sunny South, where summer spends the winter and where ambient skies and golden seas make America's winter playgrounds semi-tropical paradises incessantly tempered by the trade winds blown from the spice isles of the southern seas. He is responsible for the contagious affection engendered in the tourist public for the thrills of pleasure, speed, and sport. He tells of lakes like turquoise gems; he tells of June in bleak February; he tells of health and energy; he tells where every out-of-door sport giving recreation is to be had under ideal climatic conditions; he tells of the sportsman's paradise, the land of flowers, and he extends a welcome, as I take the liberty to quote from him: "To come away from winter's bleakness into the golden glow," "Where spring is as constant as the skies are blue," "Where springtime and winter are as mild as the northern May," "And to a land which knits up the raveled sleeve of care." Does it seem possible to disregard his invitations? Certainly, he paints a picture beautiful and enticing, and to his credit it must be said that countless thousands yearly heed his appeal and flock to those lands that assure luxurious semi-tropical environs where the thermometer has the very comforting habit of sticking close to summer's averages.

Truly, the publicity man is a wonderful personage, but even his power is limited. He can paint in words pictures of a land free from winter as we know it in the North; he can tell of swimming in a marvelous surf; he can tell of fishing in strange waters and for strange fish; he can tell of motoring over beautiful roads lined by stately royal palms; he can tell

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of sand dunes and evergreens, of orange groves, of social pleasures and of comfort. But once you have your surfeit of this, and all good things finally suffice, there must be something else. There must be something that will claim the huge majority, there must be something that the world in large can do. The South soon learned what this something was, and to-day is rapidly striving to provide that indispensable something—golf.

Without this third factor the South would have been just an attractive winter resort vying with winter sports and the allure of European travel. With golf the South has proved the annual mecca. Socially it is the thing to do, and financially it has been placed within the reach of millions. With the climate living up practically to everything the press agents say and with elaborate hotels and wonderful golf courses, together with all the other natural features, it is little wonder that the South calls and claims an annual quota augmented each year by countless thousands to such an extent that the capacity and accommodation are usually at a straining point.

Twenty years ago Florida and California were havens of delight for wealthy invalids. If one were under the weather, a trip to the South was advised, but gradually the multitudes learned that the sunny South was a playground as well as a convalescent camp, and as they learned they trekked South, broadcasting on their return lurid tales of its glories.

Then the master mind, the publicity agent, went to work and made the call heard near and far. Tourists came in thousands seeking health, recreation, and golf.

To fill the last-named need, Florida was at first rather slow in acknowledging its lack. Probably the first course was a nine-hole affair at Tampa, followed by another at Palm Beach and one at St. Augustine. That was in the early '90's, and, although there was constant development from time to time, it really was not until ten years ago that the boom in the South for golf made itself a real live factor. Within the last ten years over ninety courses have been built in Florida, ninety per cent of which are under the control of hotels or real estate developments. In fact, there were less than a dozen courses in the whole of Florida previous to 1910. What is true of Florida was duplicated in California, with Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, the Carolinas, Bermuda, Cuba, and even Mexico, following in their wake, eagerly telling the frozen North of their balmy climes and of their golf.

On the fifth fairway of the Palm Beach Country Club. Palm Beach had one of the first golf courses in Florida

Railroads and steamship lines are vying with each other to give quicker and cheaper transportation, until to-day the sunny South, America's winter playground, is, figuratively speaking, just beyond the Nation's Capitol. Once south of the White House and the frigidity of the North is forgotten, the cares and worries of business are thrown aside, and the emancipated bodies of the fortunate millions who seek these sunny slopes are eager for play. And golf is more and more being used as the magnet. Extravagantly decorated and beautifully written booklets are to-day prepared as bait to lure the Northern golfer. Courses which vie with the best in the country have been built, so that the quality of play is maintained for star and duffer alike. No more is the golf course but an incidental. It is the star act on the bill. It is the favorite feature of the day's programme. The greatest golfing celebrities are induced to visit these haunts. Tournaments are arranged at which huge purses are given; exhibition matches, competitions for every one, and accommodations for all.

Golf is pre-eminent in the South; in fact, golf may be said to be making the South. At least it can be said that it is

Biloxi, the third oldest city in America, boasts of its beautiful links on the Mississippi Gulf. Looking toward the eighteenth tee

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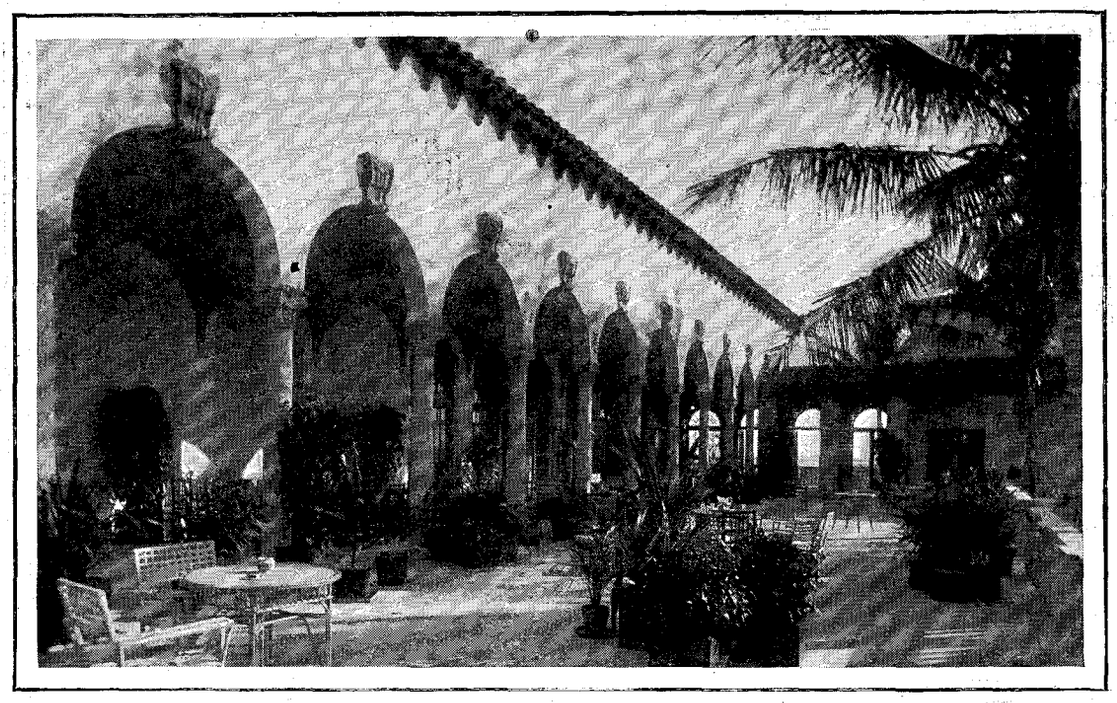

One of the most palatial of the newer clubs in Florida is the Gulf Stream Golf Club at Delray, sixteen miles from Palm Beach. Spanish in architecture, the club-house is unusually attractive

making it over. At first the courses were rather crude and the greens made of sand, but, as is always true when the demand exceeds the supply, the best is none too good, and so the sand greens have given way to Bermuda grass, and even a new type of bent. To-day one can find greens that are a joy to putt on, almost the equal of the best in the North, and fairways that are as beautifully turfed as one could wish to play over. Scores of new courses are under construction; new clubs and club-houses of magnificent proportions are being organized and financed to accommodate the ever-increasing horde.

Golf and the South are inseparable, and golf is annually increasing its followers in this country by the hundreds of thousands. The South is bound to benefit. More and more is the Northern golfer finding it harder to give up his pet pastime for five and six months every year. The golfer is like the baby who wants its candy and howls with deep grief when it is taken away. He is becoming increasingly receptive to the invitation of the South. The thousands that are flocking there for golf provide the evidence that the game is the thing and the South is the setting. One is dependent on the other, but I still venture to say that the greater of these is golf.

When the Water Bugs Go South

By HERBERT L. STONE

THERE are those who turn to the water as naturally as a duck. There are those who sit on the shore and cluck in alarm at their nautical friends. Some day the cluckers are going to discover that they have missed one of the most enjoyable adventures in life. This article by Herbert Stone will help them to an earlier appreciation of what they are missing.

OF all the sports in which Northerners indulge, there is one on which winter effectively puts a quietus. And this is boating. For just as soon as the first cold blasts of autumn come tearing down from the northwest and the flying spray stings and cuts as it drives aboard, the boats are hauled out ashore, tightly covered with heavy canvas or wooden shelters, and your yachtsman settles down to a long hibernation, with only his plans for his next summer's cruising to afford him any solace.

At best the yachting season in the North is a short one. Pleasure boating is a warm-weather sport, and three to four months, at the most, cover the period when conditions are pleasant for using a small boat. And this is unfortunate, for there is no form of recreation which seems to take quite such a hold of one as boating. Golf, tennis, fishing, or hunting may all have their "bugs," but once the virus of boat-owning gets into the blood, your yachtsman leaves the devotees of all other sports hull down on the horizon in his absorption in "the game." It is for this reason, perhaps, that Florida holds such a lure to the boat-owner. For here it is never winter, and, given a good boat under one, conditions are as nearly ideal for a season afloat from December to April as can be found anywhere.

It is not so very long ago that yachtsmen "discovered" Florida. It is true that a few pioneers, such as Ralph Munroe, who is the "father" of yachting on the East Coast, Chester W. Chapin, and a few others knew the waters of Biscayne Bay thirty-odd years ago, and sailed and fished the channels that run back of the outlying keys that stretch all the way from Cape Florida, opposite Miami, to Key West. But with sail the chief motive power, it was a long, hard trip to take a boat down there and bring her back, as most of it had to be made outside, and those who could afford both the time and the expense were few.

But now all this is changed. With the coming of the power boat the trip became comparatively easy. Much of it

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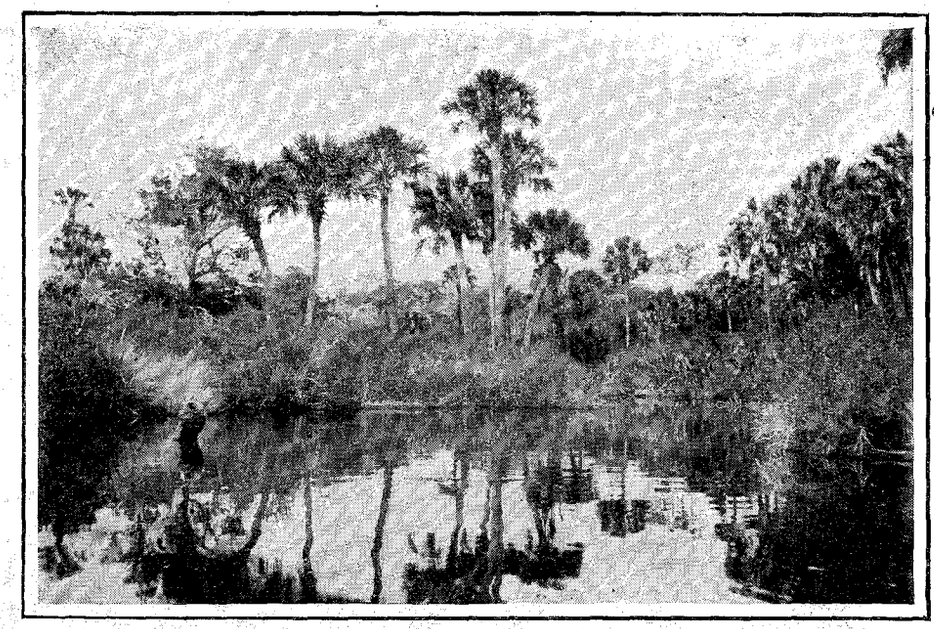
could be made inside, through the bays, sounds, and rivers that stretch along the Atlantic coast, and the Government has improved the inside route, as it is called, so that now one can go from New York all the way to Key West with only one jump of some 180 miles outside. This is from Beaufort, North Carolina, to Georgetown, South Carolina. And even this jump can be broken in the middle if desired or if the weather necessitates. All that is needed is a good boat drawing not over four feet of water.

The trip down and back is not one to be dreaded, but is, perhaps, one of the pleasantest parts of the "adventure." It can be made through to Miami in from three to four weeks, or, if one has the time, six weeks can be spent on it pleasantly, going down and coming back "with the sun." Lack of space forbids a detailed description here of the route South; but if one wants to know more about it, the "Inside Route Pilot," published by the Hydrographic Office, at Washington, D. C., will give all the information necessary to take a boat to Key West and bring her back.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that one can never get the most out of Florida unless he can make use of the waters which wash the coast. It would be like going to Venice without using a gondola. Here are rivers with palm-fringed banks stretching north and south just inside the fringe of sandy beach that separates them from the ocean, or reaching inland to lakes in the center of the State. Here is Biscayne Bay, commencing at Miami and stretching, shallow and blue, inside the keys to Jewfish Creek, which leads into the Bay of Florida, a large body of water protected by numerous islands and reaching all the way to Key West. Then the West Coast has several fine sounds, harbors, and bays, as far up as Tampa, that offer the best of cruising and fishing.



Scene along the route to Lake Okechobee and Everglades from Palm Beach, Florida

The best way really to see Florida is to live on your own boat while doing it. And, despite the prevailing idea, one does not have to be a plutocrat to do this. Given the boat, the cost of upkeep and the living expenses need be no more (if as much) than one would be "set back" by hotel bills and traveling expenses ashore. A large craft is not essential, though naturally the larger the boat, the more room and comfort one has. While the power houseboat is the ideal craft on which to spend a winter in Florida waters, a small power cruiser from thirty to forty feet long offers enough in the way of accommodations for two or three persons to live aboard comfortably, and on a craft of this size the paid crew problem is eliminated. Fuel and the necessary food or "cabin stores" are all the financial outlay called for, if one keeps away from the yacht yards. The fuel consumed will depend on the mileage made, but on a boat of

Photo by M. Rosenfeld

Power cruisers, houseboats, fishing boats of every type, are to be found moored at the mouth of the Miami River as soon as the winter sends their owners southward

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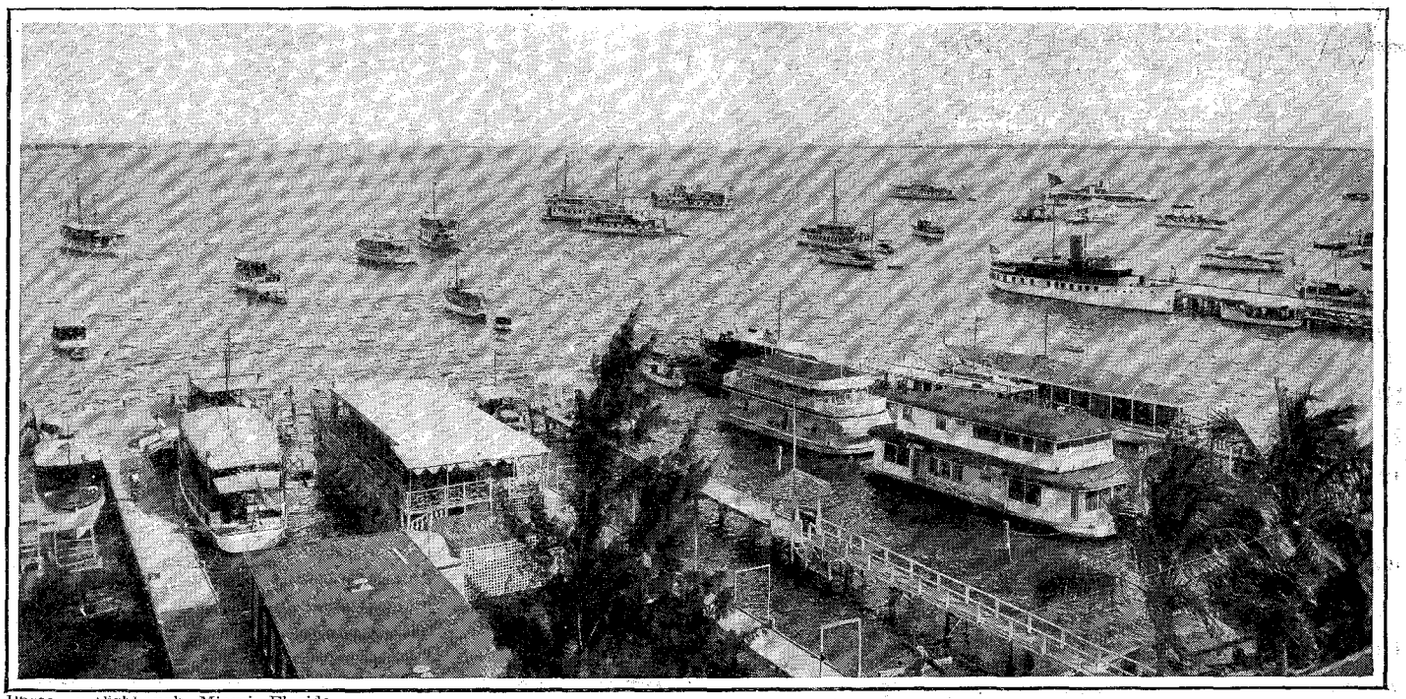

Photo by Fishbaugh, Miami, Florida

The yacht anchorage in Biscayne Bay off Miami, where hundreds of boat owners gather each winter, and from which they cruise both coasts of Florida

the size mentioned should not be more than eight to ten cents a mile, unless one has the speed mania and wants to burn up the waters at 25 miles per. On a boat between these sizes one can get three or four comfortable berths, a good-sized galley with a coal stove, an ice-box, and, on the 40-footers, even the privacy of a separate stateroom or cabin. Many owners live on their little 30-foot or 35-foot cruisers for a full season with comparatively little discomfort.

The advantages of a houseboat for this kind of cruising, however, are many. With greater beam than in a small cruiser, there is more room below, which can be utilized for a good-sized living-room, more deck space, and a deck-house can be had, which is a distinct advantage in rainy or unsettled weather. Power houseboats can be had all the way from 45 feet in length (about the smallest one would ask for) up to the floating homes of the idle rich, 100 feet or more in length. They have sufficient power to drive them from 8 to 10 or more miles an hour. This makes runs of 60 to 100 miles a day possible between daylight and dark. Leaving out of the discussion boats of the larger size, those from 45 to 60 feet in length offer as much in the way of comfort as the average hotel ashore.

Many owners of power cruisers or houseboats send or take them South every autumn and bring them North every spring, while others lay them up in Florida or Southern waters all summer and use them only during the winter. So if one does not happen to own a suitable boat for Florida use, there is always an opportunity to charter one for a few weeks or for a month, depending on the length of one's vacation. Many an owner uses his houseboat for a month or so, and then puts her on the market for charter, with the crew (which may be only one man) aboard. And let it be said here that the smaller the paid crew, the more one will enjoy the trip. One hand to cook, or run the engine, or to look after the boat, is about all one will want to bother with. By chartering for a month or so in this way the cost of sending a boat South and bringing her back can often be met. Charter prices vary with the size of the boat, but, generally, run from a few hundred dollars a month for a small boat, up. This is not at all excessive.

The real winter cruising ground of Florida begins at Palm Beach. North of this the waters are more confined and the weather is apt to be cool. But, beginning at Palm Beach, one headed South comes out into Lake Worth, at the far end of which the Hillsboro River flows into the head-waters of Biscayne Bay. Here are Miami, on the bay shore, and Alton Beach, facing on the bay and the ocean. Hundreds of cruisers make their headquarters at Miami for the winter, and from here make trips south through the keys and up the West Coast, or fish on the lower waters of the bay and along the reefs that separate it from the Gulf Stream, which flows northward between the Bahamas and the lower Florida coast. There is an endless variety of fish to be taken in these waters, and most of them are game fish. There are barracuda, amber-jack, jewfish, groupers, sailfish, and many others. For the tarpon one finds better fishing on the West Coast, off the numerous "passes" into the sounds and bays of that side of the peninsula. Possibly the best tarpon fishing is to be had off Boca Grande, on Gasparilla Island, at the entrance to Charlotte Harbor. This is one of the best yacht harbors on the West Coast. Indeed, it was chosen as a rendezvous by the pirates who infested the Gulf of Mexico in the latter part of the eighteenth century for this very reason, and was the headquarters of that famous buccaneer Gasparilla about 1782. Boca Grande is a picturesque old place, and now offers every facility for the fisherman, and one can charter motor boats here for fishing if he does not happen to be in a boat of his own.

South of Charlotte Harbor stretches Pine Island Sound. It is shallow, yet from seven to twelve feet of water can be carried through it and it is an ideal place for motor boating or sailing. Farther north, after a run of only 38 miles outside, one comes to Sarasota Bay, another fine sailing ground. This flows into Tampa Bay, from which open Hillsboro Bay and Boca Ceiga Bay. Here are located a number of active yacht clubs, and there is a lot of sailing and motor boating done on these waters. The sailing is mostly in small craft, and one-design classes are very popular, especially in boats about 20 to 25 feet in length. These are centerboarders, of course, but they furnish the best kind of sport. In them one can knock about all over the waters around Tampa and St. Petersburg, making one's headquarters ashore. Any small sail or motor boat can be shipped to Florida by rail at not too heavy a cost, and the fun to be had

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What a rusty fence wire started

Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—(No. 12 of a Series)

AN Iowa farmer started it all when he asked the United States Department of Agriculture why his fence wire was rusting so rapidly.

That was almost twenty years ago.

The Department put the question up to one of its scientists. After long and painstaking investigation he wrote his report: "*The Corrosion of Fence Wire, Farmer's Bulletin No. 239.*"

He pointed out the reason why modern steel, manufactured by rapid process and in huge quantities, rusted rapidly; that impurities, especially manganese, in the steel caused much of the trouble.

That pamphlet fell into the hands of a group of men who were just beginning to manufacture steel sheets. They had a small mill in Middletown, Ohio. Their equipment was meager; their money scarce.

Together they discussed the pamphlet—talked over the difficulties of removing the impurities, carefully considered doing things that other manufacturers held were impossible.

Should they try? Should they stake all on an undertaking that was held to be foolish? In a word, should they boldly strike out to do what others held couldn't be done?

It was then the President said, "Go ahead!"

For months and months the little 25-ton open hearth furnace where experiments were made gripped the interest of that group of men, while other men throughout the country shook their heads and said, "They're crazy—it can't be done."

Time after time hope intermingled with despair. But always when the days seemed darkest, there was the encouragement of the one who first said, "Go ahead!"

Finally the rift in the clouds opened wide, the sunshine of success broke through, the way was found. The world was given the purest *iron* ever produced in commercial quantities—ARMCO Ingot Iron.

And today that little mill of former days is the parent of the world's largest manufacturer of special analysis sheet metal—a gigantic organization reaching all parts of the world.

Beside the battery of huge 100-ton furnaces, the old 25-ton furnace is to hundreds of men in the organization a cherished memory, but to a certain few it is a monument to the men who still maintain with the old-time steadfastness that "Nothing is impossible."

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with it amply repays the outlay if one is spending a month or more on the Florida coast.

If one wants to take in both the East and the West Coasts, it can now be done by cutting through the heart of southern Florida without going around through the keys of the South Coast, for a short cut has been opened up through lake and jungle. Just south of Palm Beach is a recently cut canal which runs through the Everglades to Lake Okechobee. Continuing through this large, shallow body of water, one comes out into the head-waters of the Caloosahatchie River and can then go down that tropical, winding stream to Fort Meyers and out at a point opposite Sanibel Island, not far south of Boca Grande. Then, turning northward, with no outside run, one gets into Pine Island Sound and Charlotte Harbor. It is a trip full of interest and one well worth taking. The completion of this canal a few years ago opened up a part of Florida but little known and has made the largest lake in the State and one of the largest rivers available to the motor-boat sailor.

To some the attraction of Florida cruising lies in the boating centers of Palm Beach, Miami, or Tampa Bay, where the boats, big and little, come and go, where one can see and study every kind of craft from every corner of the United States, and where the life afloat is a big part of the life of the community. To others the attraction is in the fishing or in knocking about in unfamiliar waters and out-of-the-way places. But the real lure of Florida waters are the palm-covered banks, the tall pines of the interior, the low wind-swept keys dotting the bluest of waters, the brilliant sky with the trade wind clouds drifting overhead, the bright sun, and, above all, the fact that here one can be afloat and contented, while back home in the North the boats are tightly covered with heavy canvas covers or wooden shelters and the wind comes tearing down out of the northwest and there's no more boating till next summer. It's a lure that, once known, the real sailor finds hard to resist.

The Book Table

A Victorian Godling

By H. W. Boynton

I FIND a number of things in this large blue book[1]—first of all, pathos. It is like finding just set up in some modern cemetery a thin slate stone with a weeping willow on it, a cherub, and a pious motto. This is the study of a Victorian godling by one who still worships him as a god. It is a work of filial piety and of personal devotion. George MacDonald's son touchingly idolizes his father's memory. It is not enough for him that MacDonald still lives as one of the magicians of imaginative childhood, creator of "At the Back of the North Wind" and "The Princess and the Goblin." He is to be insisted upon as poet, prophet, and major novelist—as well as the most perfect of husbands and fathers.

Subjected to the cool scrutiny of the "younger generation," the book might be dismissed as a work of fulsome sentiment about a lifelong sentimentalist. There is no denying that the MacDonald clan wallow in sensibility. In their day it was not necessary for people of good breeding to conceal their emotion under a protective coloring of humor or irony. Emotion—at least the kindly and virtuous emotion of connubial and domestic experience—was very well thought of. It was the period when the young wife was photographed leaning on the back of the young husband's chair, gazing fondly at the top of his complacent head, and when the older couple were "taken" surrounded by the numerous and dutiful pledges of their love. It was the period of which Tennyson and Longfellow were the most esteemed poets, and in which "Anglo-Saxon" literature had plenty of German sentimentalism, little of Gallic wit, and none at all of Slavic pessimism.

To this period the author of the present biography belonged and still belongs. The events chronicled here, he artlessly declares, "give so realistic a picture of domestic and widely shared happiness three generations back that, with present-day customs on all sides usurping the time-honored instinct for family joys and responsibilities, they should set many asking, What, then, are the riches we have flung away?" Alas, we shudder to think how those events, stripped of sentiment, would look to a ruthless modern!

George MacDonald came of tuberculous stock on both sides. His mother died of consumption when he was eight years old. Two of his brothers and a sister died of it. He himself was plainly threatened with it at the beginning of his career. But he did not hesitate to marry, and to thank God for eleven children vouchsafed him in due course. No eugenical qualms in those days! This big and steadily growing family the father was for many years unable to support. His religious heresy kept him from the pulpit and his literary talent went for a long time unrewarded. The MacDonalds lived largely on the charity of friends (Lady Byron among them). The husband had that large vague sense of apostolic merit which has enabled many dreamers to take alms. The wife concealed and tried to conquer her bitterness. In later years success came and comfort; but MacDonald was never a well man, always had to be coddled and cared for, and we cannot wonder that at last, when he had become a mere hulk waiting for burial, the spirited wife seems to have wearied of her hopeless cares. "She turned her face to the wall," says her son, "and permitted herself the kindly rest of death."

Not an altogether exhilarating picture of "domestic happiness three generations back." And yet there is much of zest and happiness in this book, and we may fairly ask ourselves what we have to boast of in substituting chill smile and ironic gesture for the affectionate raptures and concealments of our fathers. I lack space to say anything adequate here of MacDonald's place in nineteenth-century literature. It is vigorously set forth by G. K. Chesterton in his Introduction to this book.

[1] George MacDonald and His Wife. By Greville MacDonald, M.D. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. The Dial Press, New York. $6.

The New Books

FICTION

ENCOUNTERS. By Elizabeth Bowen. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

These are character sketches—etchings is perhaps the better word—fragmentary, brief, but exact in the effect planned. English critics compare the author with the late Katherine Mansfield; her stories may be as true as Miss Mansfield's, but they are slighter and fail to pose situation and problem as convincingly.

DARK CLOUD (THE). By Thomas Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Mr. Boyd shows here that he can do other things well besides describe soldier life tensely and faithfully, as in his re-

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markable "Through the Wheat." Here he takes an English runaway boy, conscientious and unsophisticated, through Mississippi steamboat life seventy years ago, not in the pilot-house, but chiefly in the engine-room. The book is not a novel, but it is full of action and adventure. The character drawing is excellent.

OLD FIRM (THE). By F. Morton Howard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Those "happy rascals," three sailors and one cook, who amused so many of us in Mr. Howard's book of that name, are back again in "The Old Firm." They are jovial and thirsty scamps, and they profit mightily by the foibles and sea-ignorance of the plutocrats who take them as the crew of their old boat, the Jane Gladys, now a swell yacht. Mr. Jacobs first made this kind of story popular; Mr. Howard has followed in his footsteps with success.

TONGUES OF FLAME. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

The writer of this book recently shot himself, leaving word to a friend that he felt himself a failure, and could not go on. He had been many things: a railway man, an actor, a parson, a journalist, and he had made a hit with the populace of the magazines as a novelist. Perhaps he realized that he had failed of achievement as a literary artist, and perhaps that was what he really most wanted to be. "Tongues of Flame," like his other novels, is one part honest intention and three parts claptrap. It has the peculiarly conventional unreality which marks so large a part of our movie drama, and which is so complacently accepted by the majority as "romance."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

SECURITY AGAINST WAR. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hatvany (Collaborator). 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

Almost incredible industry must have gone to the making of these volumes. Part I describes and analyzes the League of Nations Covenant, the machinery of the League evolved pursuant thereto, and the Conference of Ambassadors. Part II relates the history of the several disputes referred to the League or to which the League has addressed itself, and describes and analyzes the League's manner of handling those disputes. Part III deals with the Permanent Court of International Justice. Part IV "analyzes the pending proposals for future peace."

It seems to this writer that the authors are a thought too dogmatic, somewhat in the "New Republic" manner; and that they have a good deal prejudiced the value of their criticisms by allowing a rather free scope to obvious prepossessions. (Can it be denied that an emphatic bias against France is continu-

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ously in evidence?) But this said, it remains true that they have produced a work of great usefulness for reference, summarizing a great mass of material. Annexes include the League Covenant, the Statue of the Court of International Justice, the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, etc.

UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES (THE). By D. R. Williams. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.

A lucid statement of the main elements of the Philippines question; a convincing presentation of the arguments against giving independence now to the Filipinos. It is to be hoped that this book will have a wide circulation, for the propagandist agitation urging a Congressional gift that would be ruinous to the Filipinos and in sundry ways very injurious to the interests of the United States is winning dangerously upon ignorant sentimentalism in this country. Mr. Williams was secretary of the Philippine Commission, whose constructive work furnished one of the most creditable chapters in the annals of the United States.

BIOGRAPHY

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY. By Maxim Gorky. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

As one reads these fragments, one is first of one mind and then of another as to whether their publication was justified. A good many of them are simply inchoate or flat or silly; many of the characters (the sorceress, for example) dashed off are too fantastic or absurd to be recognized as human beings, even as Russians. On the other hand, some of the fragments have a freshness and immediacy, a glimpsing sincerity, inevitably lacking to studied work. Perhaps there are enough of these to compensate those others. Yes; no. Perhaps; maybe not. In fine, yes. One should read the book if only for the acute and delightful references to Tolstoy, Tchekoff, and Alexander Blok.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

LEONID ANDREYEV: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Alexander Kaun. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. $3.50.

The author of this interesting critique is Professor of Slavic Languages at the University of California. He appears to have made meticulous study of all the sources available in Europe and has received generous aid from Mme. Andreyev. The book is in a very real sense a critique, biographical data being lightly touched upon. Americans who have not studied modern Russian literature will think of Andreyev merely as the author of a Theatre Guild success, "He Who Gets Slapped," which caught the popular fancy by its bizarre mixture of the romantic, symbolic, and realistic. **Dr.**

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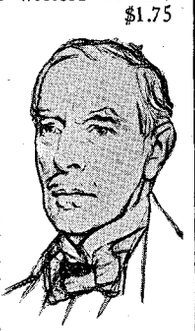

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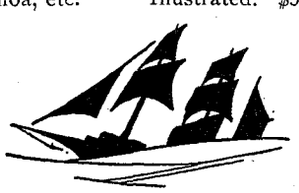

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Kaun reveals him as a nonconformist and a pessimist whose earliest gods were Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. In his formative years a poverty-stricken, introspective student at the University, he warmed to Pisarev, the champion of Nihilism, and held that faith was the enemy of reason. From briefless lawyer to newspaper reporter and then to sudden fame, wealth, and penury again, dying at the age of forty-eight (in 1919)—a kaleidoscopic peripetia. Influenced by Gorky and Tolstoy, his morbid psychology reacted to what was destructive in their writings. He could say with truth: "I am strong as long as I destroy. And I am weak and ordinary . . . when I attempt to affirm, to console, to give hope, to pacify." The irony of his life was that his pessimism helped to pave the way for revolution and the Bolshevist régime, which he abominated. Gorky may have sold himself to the Communists, but Andreyev, to his eternal credit, refused all bribes and retained his personal integrity, though it meant a return to poverty and an exile's death.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

TIDE MARKS. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This is the account of a sea journey from London via the Suez Canal to the Moluccas or Spice Islands and return. Two stops were made at Singapore, whereof the rich and varied olfactory impressions are feelingly recorded; the inland of Java was briefly visited; an adventurous trip was made into the interior of the native State of Kalentan, on the eastern coast of the Malay Peninsula; and several weeks were spent on the romantic volcanic island of Tidore, one of the Moluccas.

Mr. Tomlinson has a gust for adventure, a feel of the picturesque, a sense of beauty, humor, most of the gifts essential to the making of a good book in this kind; but somehow he fails to "pull it off." He is too continuously impressionistic, and the total effect of the book is hazy. The cover blurb is pleased to rant of "the masterly and exquisite prose by one of the greatest writers of our time." That is sheer nonsense. The style is one of the worst ever evolved. It has a preposterous resemblance to Emerson's.

DIARY OF A DUDE-WRANGLER (THE). By Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

In certain parts of the West, it would seem, "to wrangle" means "to herd or conduct." Thus a "horse-wrangler" is one employed on ranches to look after horses; and a "dude-wrangler" is a man who herds and takes care of "dudes." "Dude" in the *argot* of the dude-wrangling profession entirely lacks the jocose

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or depreciatory bouquet it has with us, and simply means "some one, usually a person not resident in the country, who hires some one else to guide him or cook for him or who pays money to stay on a ranch." Well, Mr. Burt has run a dude-ranch in Wyoming for many years, and gives in much detail the story thereof. No doubt the book is invaluable to those who propose to wrangle dudes or to dudes who want to be wrangled, but to this writer, who does not belong in either category, it is a little disappointing. The anecdotes with which it is packed lack vividness; there is too much moralizing. On the other hand, there are occasional "appreciations" of nature of much beauty. One feels that Mr. Burt might do very well indeed if he would consult brevity.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF CHINA. By Lady Hosie. Seeley, Service & Co., Limited, London. 21s.

The story of an English gentlewoman's experiences as guest in two patrician houses of China; the one that of a Manchu bigwig, the other that of a true Chinese *literatus*. The narrative is of a delightful artlessness and truly testifies that there are no people in the world more charming or cultivated than the upper-class Chinese.

EDUCATIONAL

DISCOVERY OF INTELLIGENCE (THE). By Joseph K. Hart. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Hart's admirable "Democracy in Education," published in 1918, was too technical for general consumption. This book is an attempt to present the ideas of the earlier work in a form suited to the general reader.

The author accepts Aristotle's attribution to Socrates of the discovery of intelligence, and asks, "What has been done with intelligence in the two thousand years that have intervened since Socrates?" His answer is lucid, illuminating, and entertaining. The account of the secular struggle between the folkways (*i. e.*, custom, habit, tradition) and the intelligence striving to be free is masterful.

The author then asks, "What is to be done for the future?" That is, how are we to evolve an educational method which, while not repudiating the folkways, shall yet give free scope to the scientific spirit and shall be answerable to the needs of democracy, an evolutionary science, and an evolutionary democracy? The answer is, on the whole, stimulating and interesting, though now and then vague and rhetorical.

SCIENCE

IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT NATURALISTS. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The author sets down his impressions of the personalities and achievements of eleven great naturalists, including Wal-

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lace, Darwin, Huxley, Pasteur, Roosevelt, and John Burroughs. Professor Osborn is a scientist of distinction and was personally acquainted with most of the naturalists he deals with; we therefore have reason to expect a notable book.

But, unfortunately, Professor Osborn does not possess in any considerable measure the rare gift of portraiture, and, like most American scientists, he lacks that gift of truly lucid exposition which he handsomely recognizes in the great English scientists. The book, therefore, though interesting and valuable, is disappointing. This estimate is given reluctantly, as we recognize the author's great services to American science.

RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Mr. Stoddard is profoundly convinced that the racial factor is the factor of supreme importance in human affairs, and with a kind of religious zeal he proceeds to a survey of Europe in the light of this conviction. He seems to have been inspired by Mr. Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race." He has uncritically accepted the classification, to which Mr. Grant's book has given such wide currency, of the "Caucasian" division of mankind into the three grand groups of Nordics, Alpines, and Mediterraneans, along with Mr. Grant's too dogmatic characterization of the several groups. Mr. Stoddard treats anthropology as an exact science, whereas it is far from that. A spice of humor in the discussion of these matters would not be amiss; it is lacking here. But, with the warning to the reader that the basis of the book is "questionable," it has to be said that it is very readable and contains much valuable information and sound comment.

Notes on New Books

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE. By Maurice Francis Egan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $4.

An autobiography, never dull nor egotistic. Dr. Egan's recollections of his long term as Minister to Denmark make excellent reading. His patented conversation for diplomatic dinners, as carried out by the wife of the French Minister and himself, is a particularly enjoyable incident.

PORTRAITS: REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Ernest Boyd. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Essays, chiefly in literary biography. They include, among the imaginary portraits, the one called "Æsthete: Model 1924," which appeared in "The American Mercury" and caused some excitable persons to thirst for revenge upon the author. There are also essays upon Messrs. Mencken, Dreiser, Cabell, and other writers, American, English, and Irish.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. Third (and Final) Series. 1920–1923. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

These are the stray comments, the casual diary, of a distinguished and learned man, one who is both critic and scientist. It is puzzling to decide whether in themselves these notes are so important as to deserve publication; whether the chorus, which in

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Ravello, June 3rd. Landed at Naples; automobiles met us at dock—it is wonderful to have our own big comfortable cars all through Italy! Next day by boat to the Island of Capri and the Blue Grotto—a bit of fairyland; lunched at Capri on an awning-covered balcony overlooking the blue, blue bay and afterward drove over the island in one of those funny high two-wheeled carriages; then by boat to Sorrento. I slept in the "Longfellow Room" there in which, mine host proudly told me, Longfellow lived for months—a lovely room opening onto a great balcony, high on the steep cliff rising straight out of the shining waters. Shall never forget that night and the early morning with the fishing boats slipping over the water, their sails ruddy in the sunrise glow and Vesuvius across the Bay flinging a plume of curling smoke against a vivid sky. Had a dip in the Mediterranean and then a look at the quaint old town. There are exquisite hand-woven linens—couldn't resist getting several small pieces. We drove to Amalfi beside the blue waters of the Bay, past orange and lemon groves, and at last up, up to Ravello perched on her rocky heights. Supper on the terrace, the stars overhead and the lights of the village gleaming far below—and all of us so congenial. Our hostess had made us one of her famous chestnut puddings—a special treat. It is really awfully nice traveling this way with a small group and the people are so friendly along the way. And it's real luxury to have our own comfortable cars all the time—not a bit tiring. Tomorrow we go to Pompeii. They tell me the drive is most interesting and Pompeii itself never to be forgotten. Am certainly glad I came. . . .

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UNSCIENTIFIC ESSAYS. By Frederic Wood Jones. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

By an Australian Professor of Anatomy. Many of these essays are about curious folk-lore and superstitions of the Pacific and East Indian islands, and are especially strange and entertaining.

PASSING THE TORCH. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.

Another story of Abraham Lincoln.

THE HIDDEN PLAYER. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

Eleven stories on various themes and in varying moods—humorous, tragic, or mysterious. The title is taken from Huxley's metaphor comparing life to a game of chess with an unseen opponent.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK. 1925. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. Year Book of the Museum of the City of New York.

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ACES. A Collection of Short Stories. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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THE COASTS OF ILLUSION. By Clark B. Firestone. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This is "a study of travel tales;" a collection of myths from books of travel and from history and literature. Almost an encyclopædia in size and comprehensiveness, the book discusses satyrs, dragons, lands of legend, and islands of enchantment. (How, in the chapter about the Sargasso Sea, did the author neglect to mention T. A. Janvier's great work of fiction about it?) This is a fascinating book.

THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR. By L. Frank Tooker. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Mr. Tooker has for forty years been on the editorial staff of the "Century," and he is the author of books, principally about the sea. These chapters recall many of the figures of American letters in the past four or five decades: Mark Twain, Frank Stockton, R. H. Davis, and others. There are also many good stories about editorial work, about writers and their ways, and about compositors, proof-readers, fussy authors, and all the complications of getting out a magazine.

THE TRAGEDY OF MR. PUNCH. By Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell. Introduction by Max Beerbohm. Illustrations by Arthur Watts. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

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UNMASKING OUR MINDS. By David Seabury. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Psychology in an informal presentation. Often chatty and readable; often a trifle obscure.

BUSHRANGERS. By Charles J. Finger. With Woodcuts by Paul Honoré. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

Stories of famous highwaymen of Australia and South America. One, whom the author knew, had the surprising name of Andrew Lang. Did the rather more famous gentleman of that name ever hear of him? How delighted he would have been!

THE SHALLOW END. By Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

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EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The *Richards Bureau*, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

THE Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La., needs teachers for the mid-winter term, for summer work, and for positions open September, 1925. No registration fee.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite A 5842, Washington, D. C.

MOTHER'S HELPER or CHILD'S NURSE. Three children in family. Experience and good references desired. Mrs. T. W. Elkinton, Moorestown, N. J. Phone 466.

WANTED—Two councilors for music and athletics in established summer camp for girls. Camp experience necessary. Interview in New York City desirable. 5,649, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGIAN, retired gentleman, wishes traveling companionship with gentleman or family going South or abroad. Offers secretarial services. Highest credentials. 5,643, Outlook.

By the Way

OSLO is to be the new capital of Norway—but a capital new only in name, and really not even in that, for Oslo was for centuries the name by which the capital city of Norway was known. It was in 1624, after a devastating fire, that the city of Oslo was renamed Christiania. Now, by a small majority of votes in the Norwegian Parliament, the old name has been restored. Map-makers, please take notice!

The name Oslo, referred to above, is said to mean "the mouth (outlet) of the river Lo." Another explanation from a Norwegian authority is that it means "the low tide at the ridge." Whatever the derivation of the word, the name was given to the place by the Viking ruler Harold nearly nine hundred years ago. The change to the earlier name is said to have been brought about by the strong revival of national feeling at present manifesting itself in Norway.

Sometimes the Scotch get back at the English in joking about national peculiarities. Here, for instance (from the Fairfax "Evening Mail"):

A Scotch boy in an English school, when his class was asked where Shakespeare was born, replied: "In Scotland, sir."

"What makes you say Shakespeare was a Scotsman?" said the schoolmaster.

"Because of his abeelity, sir!" was the answer.

The largest railway undertaking in the world, according to the London "Times," is the new German railway company, the Reichseisenbahn Gesellschaft. It employs three-quarters of a million men, as many as all the English companies put together. It operates 33,000 miles of line—half as many miles again as the next longest system, the Canadian National. Its nominal capital, £1,300,000,000, is far and away the largest. Its annual revenue of over £200,000,000 is not far from double that of its nearest rival, the Pennsylvania Railroad.

William White, a young American of Revolutionary times who afterwards became the first Bishop of Pennsylvania, went to see Samuel Johnson in London in 1771. "The Doctor," White relates as quoted in an article in the "Yale Review," "was very civil to me." Nevertheless the Great Cham gave utterance to a characteristically truculent rebuke. "He told me," says White, "that, had he been Prime Minister, during the then recent controversy concerning the Stamp Act, he would have sent a ship of war and leveled one of our principal cities to the ground." But the young American discounted this ferocious speech. "On the other hand," he goes on, "I have heard from him sentiments expressive of a feeling heart, and convincing me that he would not have done as he said."

From the "Rutgers Chanticleer:"

"Jones is such a rotten shortstop he reminds me of the Ancient Mariner."

"How zat?"

"'He stoppeth one of three.'"

From "Punch:"

Fond Parent (as Candidate advances to kiss her baby)—"Don't 'ee trouble, zur. I was a-goin' to vote for 'ee anyhow."

Under the heading "Poems You May Not Know" the colyumist of the American Medical Association's "Journal" prints this:

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said;
And she smiled and blushed and drooped her head.
"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night;
Your sending the flowers proved you were right—
Forgive me."

* *

He forgave her.

* *

And as they walked and talked beneath the bowers,
He wondered who on earth had sent those flowers.

Answer to numerical puzzle in our last issue:

From SIX take IX = S
" IX " X = I
" XL " L = X

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION, managing housekeeper, or convalescent nurse. Best references. 5,641, Outlook.

COMPANION, would like to travel, experienced chauffeur, educated, an optimist, young woman, good references. 5,644, Outlook.

ENGLISH-American young woman, highest references, wishes position as companion. 5,639, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman wishes position as housekeeper in school. 5,610, Outlook.

GRADUATE WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASS., *class of nineteen twenty-four, wants* secretarial position with woman engaged in social service work. Eastern location preferred. 5,645, Outlook.

HOTEL woman wishes position in Southern hotel. Has fine clientele. 5,609, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

HOUSEKEEPER, small private family where one maid is kept. References. Protestant, American. 5,646, Outlook.

LADY seeks position in refined home as housekeeper. Six years' experience 5,638, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as companion to young girl or lady—not an invalid—going South. References. 5,647, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of education, charm, and culture desires position as companion-secretary to elderly woman. Will travel. References. 5,642, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Foot loose, Dutch treat friend, another lonely woman. 5,648, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address *Directress of Nurses.*

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